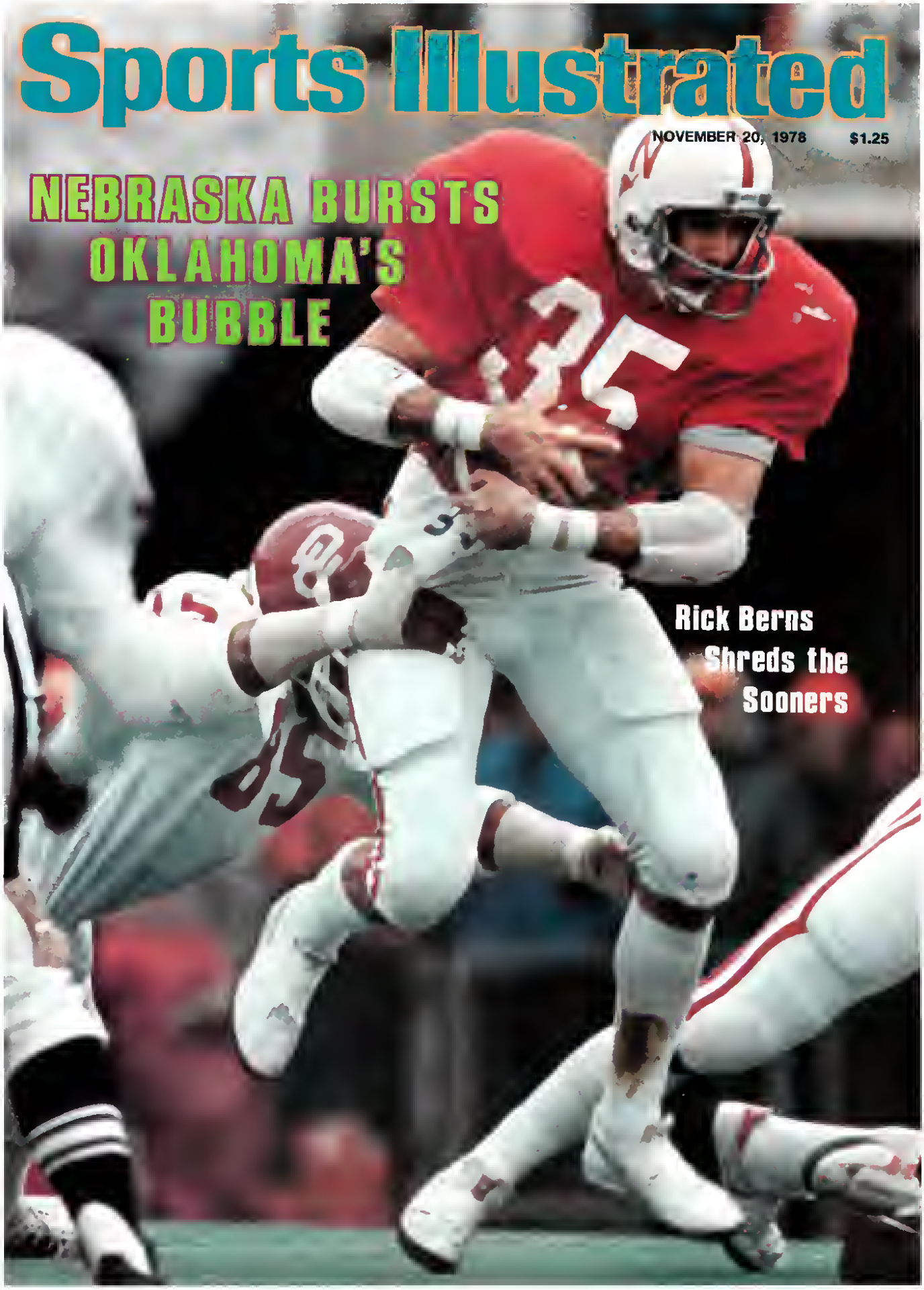

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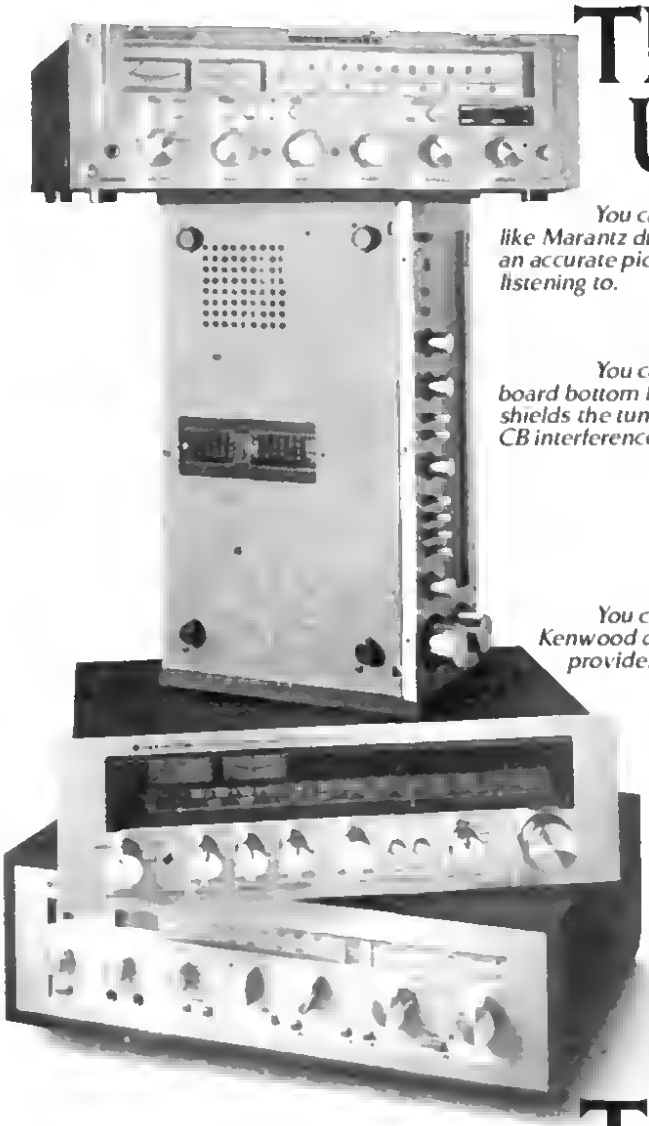


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Next Week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL tips off with a look—in pictures and words—at this year's unusually classy sophomore class, which is led by a 6' 8" play-making guard extraordinaire. There are also scouting reports on the 20 best teams, and the inside story of how No. 1 zoomed to the top spot. Competition in all regions of the country and in the small colleges—way to go, North Park College and Theological Seminary!—and women's teams is analyzed, plus all our regular features.

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Shopwalk

by BARRY McDERMOTT

FOR KIDS THE AIM OF THE GAME IS TO WALLOP ROCKY RACCOON IN THE NOODLE

Few of us really remember what it was like to be a kid, and fewer still, especially those of us who have nightmares of double-faulting on match point, remember what it was like to be a kid on a tennis court. From the start, tennis leaves little time for lollipops and balloons.

With this in mind, the folks at Sea Pines Plantation, the resort on Hilton Head Island, S.C., have discovered a way to introduce tennis to children without making them think they are off on a visit to the dentist. The program, which is called Tiny Tots Tennis, dishes out lots of fun to a group that can appreciate it—kids between five and eight years old.

The instruction is built on the premise that most 5-year-olds would rather not climb out of a tree house to learn to hit the ball like Jimmy Connors. What kids would like to do while Mom and Dad are getting their sweatbands soaked is take a lightweight cutdown racket, yank the hair of the boy or girl in front of them and try to hit Rocky Raccoon in the nose.

Forget the net. To make tennis child's play, wooden cutouts of different cartoon character animals are placed around the court. Then the tykes are shown the proper grip and posture, fed soft balls and told to hit them back at Arnold the Alligator or Denny the Dolphin. The results are amazing. Usually, a child getting his first tennis lesson takes a couple of halfhearted swipes at the ball, then drags his racket off the court and goes somewhere to sulk. Quite the opposite is true in Tiny Tots Tennis. Kids know how to have fun. It is the adults who somehow foul up things by insisting on showing them how to do it and demanding that the rules be observed. In Tiny Tots the kids have it their way, on a kind of Sesame Street bun.

Sea Pines is the largest tennis resort in the world—53 courts. Stan Smith as tennis consultant, several big glamour tournaments a year, video tape playbacks, ball machines, the works. Tiny Tots is a mini-oasis in the midst of all this high-pressure seriousness. The kids are lined up and standing at mock attention like smiling soldiers who have been forewarned that their commanding officer's cigar is about to explode. Occasionally they take some time out to chase a butterfly or break into a jitterbug around one of the animals.

The program started as an experiment

continued

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that quickly turned into a diversion. Adults love seeing children make the same athletic mistakes they do. Mom and Dad would probably watch Little League baseball even if the second baseman wasn't theirs if only the newspapers published the standings and Howard Cosell announced the games. "We find that the guests enjoy watching the kids play tennis almost as much as they do the pros—sometimes maybe more," says John David Rose, head of the tennis program.

"The idea of Tiny Tots is to avoid the analytical process," says Jeannie Scott, who conducts the classes. "The cutout cartoon characters hold their attention and help them to relax. What we're doing is much the same as building sand castles on the beach. It's imagery. It's Disneyland on a tennis court."

Asked if she wants to become a female Bjorn Borg, 7-year-old Marisa Meier shrugged and says, "Who's Bjorn Borg?" Asked the same question, Jessica Gardo says, "I beat up five boys at one time."

Of course, some older churls question the wisdom of introducing a small child to tennis no matter what the program. These people who caution about the danger of a youngster subsequently being "burned out" are usually the same ones who stopped having fun about the time they discovered the backhand grip. There seems no more danger of a 5-year-old being incinerated in Tiny Tots Tennis than there is of a 2-year-old developing a compulsion to become Mark Spitz because he is learning to swim. In TTT there is no scoring, no right way and no wrong way, and no rules. The children are shown how to execute the basic strokes, but if they do not mimic them perfectly, no one chides them to "keep the racket head vertical and follow through." Whoever hits the cartoon characters most often is the winner, and the prize is that he does not have to help the others pick up the practice balls—although he usually does anyway. Kids like to pick up balls. They think it is fun to see how many they can get in a ball hopper, stacking them the way apples are piled in a supermarket cart.

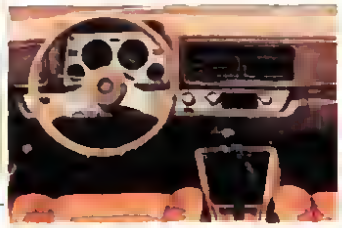
This is a way to introduce a child to tennis without the exasperation factor, much in the manner a kid can learn to putt by playing miniature golf at an amusement park. The sessions are inexpensive—$15 buys a series of four half-hour lessons—but the real payment comes in the smile and satisfaction that follows a good swing. When asked what her favorite shot was, 7-year-old Stacey Arberg answered, "Rocky Raccoon. I tried to hit him the most because he's got a garbage can lid on his head." Years and years from now, when she is faced with match point, Stacey might again visualize Rocky Raccoon poised and waiting across the net from her, and hit him right in the nose for a winner's trophy. END



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SCORECARD

Edited by BRUCE NEWMAN

THE GONK SHOW

Last week the NHL found itself in the midst of a small—but potentially widening—crisis, and for once the trouble had nothing to do with excessive violence on the ice. Over the past several years dozens of NHL players have been breaking out in a mysterious red rash, which was painful enough to hospitalize some players and serious enough to force one to retire from the game. When the rash first appeared, players tended to be stoic about it, they called it the "Gonk" or the "Creeping Crud," and used ointments and steroid treatments in an attempt to make it go away. But in most cases it didn't go away, and now dermatologists from Massachusetts General Hospital have agreed to help one team, the Boston Bruins, try to discover its cause.

The Minnesota North Stars were the first to be hit by the Gonk. Defenseman Tom Reid was stricken so severely that he finally had to retire. "In 1975 I noticed it on my hands," says Reid. "Then my skin cracked wide open all over my body and a yellowish fluid oozed out. I had to quit playing hockey because I couldn't sleep anymore. The liquid would ooze out and stick to the sheets when I slept. When I moved, it would tear my skin off. Finally I had to sleep without any clothes, sitting up in a wooden chair. I just couldn't go on living like that."

Center Jacques Lemaire of Montreal has had to go to the hospital for a few days on more than one occasion because of the rash; Detroit Forward Dennis Polonich recently spent seven days in the hospital; and Minnesota General Manager Lou Nanne has had it. Four Boston Bruins have contracted the rash this season, and Coach Don Cherry has gotten a dose on his right leg. All-Star Defenseman Brad Park had a bad case until he went to the hospital for knee surgery. "When you're not playing," says Park, "it goes away. But now that I'm skating again, it's starting to come back."

There are theories that the rash is caused by the dye used to color the pads and gloves the players wear, or that it is brought on by equipment leather, some of which comes from Afghanistan. It is even thought that the rash may be caused by the ammonia used in making ice. All kinds of skin tests have been conducted, but so far no one has come up with an explanation. The league office, perhaps hoping to insulate itself from the plague, has insisted that the problem is for the individual teams to solve. It may be time for somebody to do something rash.

LIVING LEGEND

Once upon a time there was a sleepy little town in Pennsylvania called Mauch Chunk, which is Indian for Bear Mountain. In 1954 the good people of Mauch Chunk voted overwhelmingly to rename their town Jim Thorpe, after the legendary athlete, as a lure for new industry and some fast tourist dollars.

Twenty-four years have passed and nothing much has happened. The tourists and industry stayed away and the town got older and more threadbare. "We were promised all kinds of things—a sporting-goods manufacturing plant, the pro football Hall of Fame, even a research hospital," said the late Jack Huber, a former borough councilman. "All we saw were dollar signs, but all we got was a dead Indian."

The dead Indian, Thorpe, was offered to the town by his widow in exchange for a pledge to build a mausoleum in his memory. As an added inducement, Patricia Thorpe was widely believed to have volunteered her support to persuade the NFL to build its Hall of Fame there. As anyone who has ever been to Canton, Ohio knows, the NFL shrine was never built in Thorpe, and nowadays residents, who have grown surprisingly bitter, make it a point to tell visitors that Jim Thorpe never lived in the town, and, in fact, never even set foot in it. And who can really blame him?

A GOAT BY ANY OTHER NAME

Live animals performing as college mascots are an old and venerated football tradition, and though the amount of livestock on the sidelines has declined in recent times, it's still a good idea to walk gingerly among the yard-markers. At certain service academies, kid-napping has a special meaning all its own.

Just before the Oct. 14 game between the Air Force Academy and Colorado State, for instance, a bunch of cadets grabbed the Colorado State mascot—a ram—and put it in a stable. The ram kicked down the door, so they moved the beast to a different stable. This time he kicked down a wall. The cadets finally realized they were no match for the creature and asked the ram to scram. Said Air Force Athletic Director John Clune: "I was glad to see him leave before he tore down the academy."

West Point cadet Garon Reeves thought it would be nice to get Navy's goat, so he did. He took Billy XXI and hid the Navy mascot on an upstate New York dairy farm owned by Tony Schleis-



er. Schleiser spent 23 years in the Army and is a sergeant in the reserve, he is also the father of Reeves' girl friend Lucy.

To Reeves' surprise and consternation the Naval Academy belittled the significance of the theft and practically ignored Billy's absence as the football team put together a seven-game winning streak. "Whoever stole that goat got more than he bargained for," said 2nd Lieut. Tom Rehrig of Navy's sports information office. "That goat stinks. All goats stink."

Reeves, who violated an agreement between the two service academies that bars the traditional prank of stealing each

continued

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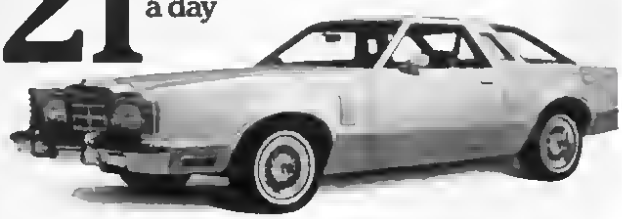
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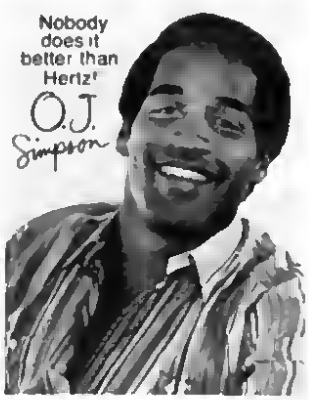


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other's mascot, made the mistake of bragging about his abduction of Billy XXI and now faces restriction to quarters, walking tours and demerits. Schleiser, meanwhile, took exception to Rehrig's indictment of Billy. "He was a very, very well-behaved and mild-smelling goat," the farmer said. "They should be happy and proud to have him back."

GORGEOUS, GEORGE

When the New York Yankees won this year's World Series, they thought they had earned the right to call themselves the "world champions." Not so, says John Lee Hilton, convict No. 182446 in the Hillsborough county (Fla.) slammer. Hilton is suing TV station WFLA, NBC's Tampa affiliate, for advertising this sham as a World Series. According to Hilton's $3 million *in forma pauperis* suit, "They only play teams in the United States."

Yankee owner George Steinbrenner, who lives in Tampa and usually has the *mot juste* for just about any situation, said his team did, too, win the world championship. "I don't know what else we could have done," said Steinbrenner. "We beat everybody that showed up."

INJURED RESERVE

During the first 10 weeks of the season, 170 NFL players suffered sufficiently severe injuries to be placed on the league's injured-reserve list. Counting the four exhibition games, that comes to an average of more than 12 players going down each week, or a projected 240 injured players by the end of the season. Surprisingly, none of those players—even the ones who are now healthy again—is likely to play another minute of football this season.

The NFL, like the NBA, NHL and major league baseball, used to have a disabled list on which a club could place an injured player for a specified period of time, then bring him back when he was healthy. Unfortunately, many teams saw the potential for cheating and placed promising young players who weren't going to make the regular roster on the disabled list; that way the prospect could be, in effect, redshirted for a week, a month or a season and was protected from waivers until the following year.

The NFL therefore amended that rule in 1977 so that every player placed on injured reserve is now required to remain out for the entire season—no matter what his physical condition—unless his team is willing to risk sending him through waivers.

The effect of the rule change has been to leave many teams shorthanded at key positions. The Baltimore Colts, for example, lost Quarterback Bert Jones to a shoulder injury in the preseason; Jones' replacement, Bill Troup, then broke three fingers against Denver four weeks ago. The Colts could have put Jones, or Troup, on the injured-reserve list and picked up another quarterback. But when they weighed the possibility of losing Jones for the duration of the season, they decided to go with third-stringer Mike Kirkland. The week before the Baltimore-Miami game, Kirkland not only had to run the team's offense in practice, but he also had to imitate Bob Griese for the defense. The Colts' gamble paid off when Jones returned to action on Monday night a week ago and led Baltimore to a 21–17 upset of Washington. Last Sunday, though, Jones reinjured his shoulder and had to be removed from the Colts' game at Seattle.

The Oakland Raiders are without John Vella, Terry Robiskie and Clarence Davis because of the rule, even though all three are now feeling fine. Things reached such a sorry state in the Raider camp earlier this season that Coach John Madden had to hire someone off the street so he would have enough bodies to go around during practice.

The New England Patriots lost Defensive End Julius Adams, Punter Mike Patrick and Kicker John Smith to the injured-reserve list early this season because Coach Chuck Fairbanks decided he couldn't wait for them to get healthy. Now that the players are ready to return, but can't, Fairbanks is moaning. "It's a bad rule and something should be done about it," he says. "It doesn't make sense to have healthy players just sit out and not be able to play."

Fairbanks is in favor of a short-term injured-reserve rule, and when he presents the idea at the league meetings next year he will no doubt get plenty of support from Denver's Red Miller. Miller is down to five healthy offensive linemen as a result of injuries. "We've got to do something," Miller says. "With a 16-game season, you're getting teams that are using men at less than full physical ability because they don't have replacements. We've got to come up with some way to take care of the injured and not be forced to put them back into action too soon."

QUACK CRACK

Phillies Relief Pitcher Tug McGraw was asked recently to appear at his children's school, but it wasn't because they had been jumping off teeter-totters, or hanging from the monkey bars by their teeth, or for any of the other reasons parents usually get invited unexpectedly to school. It seems that each day when McGraw dropped off his 5-year-old daughter Cari and his son Mark, 6, the other young scholars began piling out of buses in a mad scramble for Tug's autograph. In the interest of safety—McGraw's as well as the kids'—the teachers asked the pitcher to visit classes and conduct autograph parties, and he agreed. But when the announcement of Tug's forthcoming appearance was made in his daughter's kindergarten class, one little girl was unmoved. "I don't know that it's so important to have Tug McGraw's autograph," she said. "It's not like he's Donald Duck or something."

FAREWELL

It was fitting and yet sad somehow that after bringing so much excitement and invention to hockey for such a long time, two of the most glamorous players in the history of the sport should have hung up their skates within seven days of each other. Bobby Hull, 39, who popularized the slap shot and breathed life into a whole new league—the World Hockey Association—was the first to call it quits. Then Bobby Orr, 30, whose bold rink-long rushes and brilliant shotmaking revolutionized theories of what a defenseman should do, announced that his knees had failed him so completely he could not go on. Orr was the first defenseman ever to lead the NHL in scoring.

Both men's skills had been diminished by age or infirmity for some time, but it is still hard to believe that they have packed up their magic and gone home.

THEY SAID IT

• Pat Gillick, Toronto Blue Jays vice-president of baseball operations, talking about 39-year-old Rico Carty's demand for a three-year contract as a free agent: "I don't mind paying a player, but I don't want to pay for his funeral."

• Dennis Harrison, Philadelphia Eagles rookie defensive end, who is 6′8″ and weighs 275 pounds, on why he thought he was passed over in the draft until the fourth round: "The scouts said I looked like Tarzan and played like Jane." **END**



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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 20, 1978



NEBRASKA WAS ON THE LOOSE

The Cornhuskers pounced on six fumbles by Oklahoma and the Sooners did not recover

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Jim Pillen exults with Jeff Hansen by holding up the ball which disconsolate Billy Sims fumbled three yards from the Nebraska goal line



TINUED

Tom Osborne detected something out of sync at practice one day last week when he gazed across the field at his Nebraska football team doing calisthenics in preparation for the duel with No. 1 Oklahoma. What was wrong was that there among his players was some clown with a five-day growth of beard and a bottle of beer.

"I don't care if you warm up," said Osborne to the guy, who looked pretty loose, "but you'll have to do it on the sidelines." "Is this an official bust?" asked the intruder. Osborne assured him it wasn't, but when campus police showed up, asked the outsider where he was from and he replied, "Heaven," they made it official.

As it turned out, for Nebraskans, drunk or sober—and there were some of the latter—it was very definitely a weekend made in heaven. On a cold, gray and windy Saturday in Lincoln the No. 4-ranked Cornhuskers, a good but not great football team, went out and whipped Oklahoma 17–14.

Tom Sorley's passes kept the Sooners guessing



Nebraska, which hadn't beaten Oklahoma since winning the national championship in 1971, now has a splendid opportunity to win the Big Eight outright for the first time since 1972, go to the Orange Bowl and maybe slip through the back door and into another national championship. The Huskers' record is 9–1, the loss coming at the hands of No. 3 Alabama in the first game of the season.

Considering all this, the behavior of the Nebraska fans was, well, raucous bordering on riotous. For several nights before the game, students staged mini-melees. Osborne and several of his players skipped away from a pep rally on the eve of the game because of the rooters' rowdiness. Osborne said, "I appreciate their support but it can be frightening." At the game, some among the crowd of 76,015—the 99th straight sellout in Memorial Stadium—threw oranges on the field and at one another, prompting the exasperated public-address announcer to scold, "We request the boys and girls do not throw oranges on the playing field." At game's end there was a full-scale assault on security officers and the goalposts by the delirious Husker rooters. The fans won.

This was not a football game Nebraska appeared likely to win. After all, the Sooners fumbled and lost the ball five times, including losses on the Nebraska 11, 38 and 22. Yet this seemed only to prove Oklahoma's vast supremacy in talent, because after eight fumbles (the Sooners had recovered three) it still appeared that they would win. Then came the last lost fumble.

Unhappily, this critical error was made by Billy Sims, the brilliant Oklahoma running back who thus ended up the afternoon as both hero and goat. The nation's leading rusher, with 1,397 yards going into the game, Sims kept the Sooners close with 153 yards worth of twisting, tackle-breaking runs as he scored both Oklahoma touchdowns. But he lost the ball twice.

The first came with 8:10 to go, the Sooners on the move and the ball at the Nebraska 22. This was bad enough, but Sims' second fumble was the crusher. It came with 3:27 left, after he had made a glorious, 17-yard run around his right end. But as he was being brought down by Jeff Hansen and Andy Means on the Husker three, the ball squirted loose and



Coach Tom Osborne forgot to be low-keyed

was rocking on the ground as Nebraska's Jim Pillen covered it. "I was running over, and the ball just popped up," says Pillen. "Nobody was around it."

Pillen is no stranger to heroics. He intercepted two Alabama passes in the fourth quarter last season to preserve a 31–24 Cornhusker win. In fact, this is a trait that runs in the family. In 1975 his brother Clete was in on 27 tackles against the Sooners.

Sims made no excuses. "I just fumbled," he said. "It was carelessness. We beat ourselves. Nobody beat us. When you make mistakes like we did, anybody can beat you." Barry Switzer leaped to the defense of his crestfallen star, saying, "He's a great football player. He made the game."

Still, the consequences of those fourth-quarter fumbles is inescapable. Had Sims hung onto the ball, especially the second time, Oklahoma almost certainly would have scored its third touchdown. In turn, this would have virtually assured the Sooners of their sixth straight Big Eight championship, buttressed their No. 1 ranking, and made Sims, a junior from Hooks, Texas, the hands-down favorite to win the Heisman Trophy. Sims might still win the Heisman—who else has 1,550 yards or has tied an NCAA record by stringing together three 200-yard

games in a row this season as Sims did against Iowa State (231 yards), Kansas State (202) and Colorado (221)?—but Oklahoma will now need a lot of outside help if it is going to win anything.

In Norman the week of the game, Sims was lounging around his dorm room talking of the Heisman ("If the voters look at the stats, I'm right up there") when a cricket scampered across the rug. He stepped on it, and his girl friend, Brenda Campbell, admonished him, "That's bad luck."

But deep in their hearts, the Sooners didn't think they would need any luck to beat Nebraska. With their big, fast wishbone backfield—Sims, Kenny King and David Overstreet, along with Thomas Lott, who really is a running back masquerading as a quarterback—it seemed as though they would sweep Nebraska dizzy. Even Lance Van Zandt, the Huskers' defensive coordinator, feared such a possibility. He fretted that Nebraska's secondary was simply not big enough or fast enough to plug any leaks in the Husker line, and that it would spend the afternoon being trampled or outrun by the spectacular Sooner backs. How did Van Zandt figure to stop Oklahoma? "Maybe if we had 12 guys on the field, that would do it." As it turned out, 11 was sufficient. The disciplined Husker defense, led by Linebacker Bruce Dunning's 19 tackles, outmuscled Oklahoma at the line of scrimmage, held the Sooners to reasonable yardage and generated that blizzard of fumbles.

Despite Oklahoma's 9-0 record, its defense seemed vulnerable up the middle. Certainly, it proved to be vulnerable up the middle to the Nebraska backs—especially slashing Rick Berns, who gained 113 yards on 25 carries. Rex Norris, the Sooners' defensive coordinator, lamented, "Every time you look up, he's running over you." But while neither side would admit it, both figured their defenses only had to keep the game close until their meteorlike offenses got a chance to light up the scoreboard. Why not? Nebraska was first in the country in total offense, (515.2 yards per game) and scoring (41.3 points), and Oklahoma was second in the same categories (483.1 yards and 40.4 points). While the Oklahoma backs had the glossier reputations, Osborne wasn't conceding much. "We have the best group of backs that we've had in 16 or 17 years," he said before

continued



Sims kept Oklahoma in contention by gaining 231 yards and scoring two touchdowns on myriad

vicious runs. Berns (below) bolted over from five yards out for the first Cornhusker touchdown.





Thomas Lott lost the ball twice on four fumbles



NEBRASKA *continued*

the game, "but maybe only one that Oklahoma would have recruited." That's Berns. Most notable among the other Husker runners is I M Hipp, a onetime walk-on who as of last week was the second-leading rusher in the conference—and frequently second team at Nebraska because of a tendency to fumble that he has developed this year.

As the pregame hype grew more frenetic, it was increasingly apparent that Oklahoma had the psychological edge. The consensus was that Oklahoma wins each year just because it's Oklahoma. Osborne understandably sees it differently. "Oklahoma wins because it has better players," he said. "But the obsession with Oklahoma is getting to me. It's getting pretty hard around here for fans to appreciate a good year without beating Oklahoma."

It was fitting that two of the nation's leading coaches—Osborne with his 55–14–2 record and Switzer at 60–6–2—fretted about problems that turned out to be the very factors that would determine the game. And their darkest thoughts always came as they sat brooding over films in dark rooms. Gloomed Osborne, "They do a pretty good job of throwing everything at you but the kitchen sink until you finally screw up." Gloomed Switzer, "I'm damn worried about turning over the football. Look at that. They're as big as us."

In the Oklahoma dressing room before the game, each of the players was getting his ankles taped, as usual, with 20 yards of adhesive, which costs about $2.50. Sims, as usual, was also getting most of his body taped, which costs about $14. It's considered a good investment. Trainer Ken Rawlinson insists there's nothing wrong with Sims "but he just likes it." Sims, however, says he has to block so much in the Wishbone that he needs the extra shoulder protection, in particular.

Nearby, Switzer was spitting tobacco juice into a soft-drink can—an old Indian trick, he insisted. "Funny how a big game like this builds tension and affects so many people," he said. Then, reaffirming his own observation, he began to pace and holler. "They have no respect for our defense," he shouted. "None. They're going to run right at you. There will be 80 million people watching. That's 160 million eyeballs, give or take a few. Poise, keep our poise, no mistakes." Assistant Head Coach Don Duncan added, "Just remember who we are."

At first the Sooners did. Sims broke loose on a twisting, turning touchdown run of 44 yards with 8:09 to go in the first quarter. Then, still in the first period, Berns fumbled—the only blot on a brilliant day for the senior from Wichita Falls, Texas—and the Sooners had the ball on the Nebraska 13. But Lott fumbled on the Husker eight three plays later—the first of four charged to him—and Nebraska recovered.

Early in the second quarter, after a 26-yard Husker punt, Lott again fumbled, losing the ball this time on the Nebraska 38, and Quarterback Tom Sorley guided the Cornhuskers back up the field. Sorley admits he's not a great quarterback but says, "I know what to do and when to do it." This march, with a 20-mph wind at his back, was a perfect example. The key plays were a drive-sustaining third-down play-action pass over the middle to 6' 4" Tight End Junior Miller, and a 17-yard pass to Berns at the Oklahoma 10. Moments later, Berns crashed five yards for the score. "They were giving us the middle," said Berns. "All we had to do was take it. There was no reason we couldn't win but there was no reason why they couldn't win either."

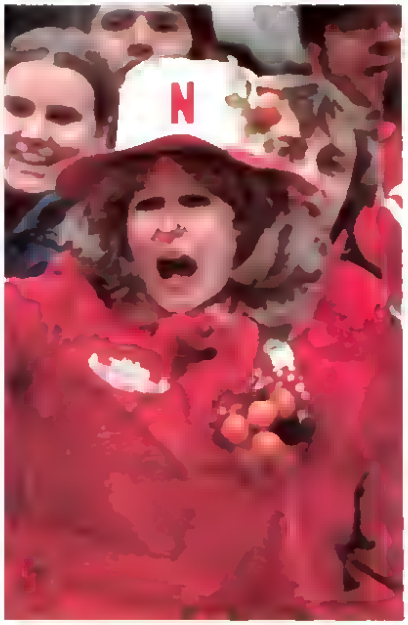
Lucky to be tied 7–7 at the half after a field-goal attempt from the four by Nebraska's Billy Todd hit an upright—there were six seconds left in the second quarter—Switzer tried to pep up his sagging charges. "They assault us and they gain," he said. "We assault them and we gain. I'm not concerned." He *looked* concerned.

With good reason. Switzer's team hustled out on the field only to resume its demonstration of advanced fumbling. This time it was Overstreet's turn; he dropped the ball at midfield and Sorley again marched the Huskers to a score, with Hipp running three straight times at the end of the drive and getting the touchdown. The extra point was good and Nebraska led 14–7. It was the first time in nine games this year that the Sooners had been behind.

There was a suspicion, however, that Oklahoma might just be a little slow getting going again in the 35° cold. And that seemed to be the case when Pillen pounced on still another Lott fumble at the Nebraska 35. But Nebraska was offsides, and the Sooners got the ball back. On the next play Sims followed King and Overstreet through a hole inside right tackle—the same play he had scored on in the first quarter—and was off on a 30-yard touchdown gallop. Again the score was tied.

At the end of the third quarter and start of the fourth, Nebraska used 12 plays trying to score a touchdown—once getting as far as a first down on the Sooner 13—but had to settle for a 24-yard Todd field goal. That made it 17–14 and that was the difference.

The ensuing kickoff runback was a nightmare for the officials and the riled-up Husker fans. It was the dreadful kind of play that, had Nebraska lost, everyone would have looked at films of and



Husker fans cheered the end of a dismal streak

cursed for years. They would have been justified. The kick went to Oklahoma's Kelly Phelps, who was tackled hard by Nebraska's John Ruud. Phelps fumbled and Nebraska recovered on the Oklahoma 11. Except it was wrongly ruled no fumble, Oklahoma's ball. After protesting to no avail, Osborne immediately gathered his dismayed players and told them, "They aren't going to take this game away from us. Now go out there and get that ball and we'll cram it down their throats." Thereupon ensued the two Sims fumbles which, to the biased rooters in the stands, only evened up matters.

Afterwards, Osborne was his usual perfunctory, low-key self. He answered a few questions at a mass press conference, then slipped away, in almost unseemly haste, to his private dressing room. When a visitor apologized for keeping him from the mobs of well-wishers outside, he said, "Naw. I just enjoy the players and the game of football. I'm not overly fond of the public relations and hoopla." And he reflected on what the win meant to him. "I know of the grumbling that I can't win the big one and I can't beat Oklahoma," he said. "But football players win games. Regardless, I knew I'd better beat them pretty soon. And I also know that a bad year around here is 7-4, and if that happened, there would be a lot of sentiment to get rid of me. But I'm not petrified about losing my job and I'm not unemployable."

The scholarly Osborne (he has a doctorate in educational psychology) started at Nebraska as an unpaid graduate assistant to Bob Devaney in 1962. It was Devaney, now athletic director and legend, who made Nebraska football great. And Osborne, demonstrating education was not wasted on him, was reluctant to be the first to follow Devaney as coach. But in 1969, after Nebraska had struggled by Kansas State 10–7, the two men were on the team bus returning to Lincoln when Devaney blurted, "Would you be interested in taking over when I quit?" "I probably would," said Osborne. In 1973 he did, and he has survived. This week he's surviving better.

As the shouting continued outside, Osborne was musing. "I guess some people kind of think of me as a stick in the mud," he said. Then he was off to have a cup of coffee—right, a cup of coffee. His practice-session intruder would have been more confused than ever. **END**

Billy Todd hit an upright on a field goal attempt at the end of the first half, but he made good on this game winning 24 yarder early in the fourth quarter.



THESE RAMS DON'T GET NO RESPECT

They outdefensed Pittsburgh last week, and no NFL team has a better record than their 9–2, but the Rams still can't win for winning. So pretty soon Los Angeles will not have the Rams to kick around anymore **by DAN JENKINS**

Among all the jokes, there is the one that says the members of the Rams' offensive unit are the first 11 no-shows at the Los Angeles Coliseum every Sunday. This is what life is like when you work in a place where much of the population is constantly being diverted by hosoms and message license plates. It isn't easy to be a part of the Rams these days, even though they are winning pretty regularly. For example, the Rams beat Pittsburgh 10–7 Sunday night in what slowly developed into an interesting football game between interconference celebrities, but when it was over, the only fascinating statistic was that the Steelers, of all teams, had turned the Rams' John Cappelletti, of all people, into a 100-yard runner.

Indeed, it was Cappelletti, perhaps the only Heisman Trophy winner ever drafted as a blocker, who made the biggest run of the night to set up the Rams' winning touchdown in the fourth quarter. Cappelletti did it with a move he doesn't possess—and speed he doesn't own. What he did was slowly spin off a traffic jam at left tackle and sprint 26 yards around end on a third-down play to get the Rams to the Steelers' 10-yard line so Pat Haden could throw a touchdown pass to Willie Miller. Apart from this brief interruption by the Rams' offense, it was the usual kind of Ram game, one which has been familiar to Los Angeles fans for years and years and years. Defense.

The outcome, which left both the Rams and Steelers with 9–2 records, meant just about nothing to either team. Pittsburgh still leads the AFC Central from here to as far as Terry Bradshaw can throw a ball. And the Rams lead the NFC West by almost as many games as there are letters in Cappelletti's name. This, of course, is as much of a dilemma for the Rams' PR as their lack of speed in the backfield. No question about it, the Rams are a problem for society.

There are those in Los Angeles—tens of thousands, as a matter of fact—who look back with affection on something as disastrous as Crazy Legs Hirsch dropping a pass. At least it was exciting. *Something* happened! A Ram incompletion in those days was far more dramatic than Cappelletti throwing a block for Lawrence McCutcheon. It has been about 25 years since the Ram fan has had anything to get worked up about besides a defensive lineman. And how long can Fearsome Foursomes sustain conversation? Even now L.A. fans have probably forgotten that the Rams held Franco Harris to a measly 50 yards in his 22 carries Sunday, and that they intercepted three of Bradshaw's passes.

The '78 Rams are built on defense—what else?—which is the legacy of Chuck Knox and George Allen. For years, the Rams ran on first and second down, and passed on third down. They got away with it, though, because they are in a division that demands little more than staying awake for four quarters. But they also kept losing in the playoffs.

Los Angeles is not a loser's town, and the Rams have suffered from the success of the USC Trojans in football, the



L.A.'s redoubtable defense bottled up Franco Harris (32) all night and intercepted three passes

UCLA Bruins in basketball and the Dodgers in baseball, not to mention the undefeated record of *Charlie's Angels* against the bad guys. One must go back to 1951, almost to a time when nobody even cared, for the year when the Rams won their only NFL championship. They have seen all 12 Super Bowls on TV.

Allen's teams were always competitive, but Merlin Olsen didn't make very many broken-field runs. In fact, the offensive image of the Rams was Allen discussing the intricacies of the draw play with Roman Gabriel on the sideline.

This was O.K. to a point, but the promise of a title never materialized. Allen possibly suspected it never would, particularly in a town so restless and sophisticated and in some ways so uncontrollable. So after five seasons, he left for Washington in 1970. Under Knox, L.A. won five straight divisional titles but never displayed any offensive flair. Knox moved to Buffalo last winter, and the reason Allen came back for the 20 or 30 minutes he worked for Carroll Rosenbloom last summer was easy enough to understand. He was out of work.

Rosenbloom is an owner of good intentions, but it's difficult to sell this nowadays to a great many people in Los Angeles. Rosenbloom is moving the Rams to Anaheim in 1980. Anaheim may be only 35 miles away from L.A. by helicopter, but in freeway traffic that can be light-years. Anaheim is also Orange County.

To some, this is unforgivable. The California Rams? Really? People forget, however, that a man who would go so far as to hire Joe Namath and then George Allen *must* be trying to win. Critics believe Rosenbloom is moving down the road because Anaheim will build suites in the stadium so he can entertain friends as elegantly as Cowboy owner Clint Murchison does in Dallas. The management of the Los Angeles Coliseum wouldn't approve the kind of facelift Rosenbloom wanted. In short, Rosenbloom appreciated that the Coliseum was a relic with a lot of history, but a relic nonetheless. When Anaheim promised to give him anything he wanted, Rosenbloom said so long.

The Rams will no doubt prosper in Anaheim, and undoubtedly another NFL team will eventually play in the Coliseum. Suites or not, L.A. is too fertile an area not to have a pro football franchise, even one that might come through expansion. Maybe, however, the Rams will leave L.A. a Super Bowl championship to remember them by. That was surely Rosenbloom's intent when he hired Allen. And it was just as much his intent when he fired Allen. "I recognized a mistake and tried to correct it," he said.

The Allen controversy flared immediately. For whatever reasons, George one day held a coaches' meeting that included only those assistants who had been with him in Washington. The other coaches were hurt and infuriated. Then came the long periods of work, five hours on the practice field each day—that the Ram players weren't used to, and the attention to details apart from football—one of Allen's first complaints was that there were crackers in only one of the two soup lines at training camp. Allen wasn't fired for losing two exhibition games. He was fired because he was creating a climate that was wrong for a certain time, place and gathering.

If new Coach Ray Malavasi, a holdover from the Knox regime, seemed to be the answer through L.A.'s first seven games—the Rams were undefeated, and had even embarrassed the Cowboys—it wasn't just because of the victories. The Rams were "thinking" differently. Haden would throw a pass on first down, for example, something neither Knox nor Allen would have done in his own front yard against aunts and uncles. Malavasi opened up the offense, creating a variety of sets and displaying an instinct for the unexpected. In one game he even ordered a fake field goal, and the call produced a touchdown against Tampa Bay.

However, the Rams then had a case of midseason blues. They practically failed to show up for games against New Orleans and Atlanta, and lost both of them as the offense produced a total of just 10 points.

It is an old truth that dull teams are not permitted to lose. Dull teams must win—or they will not be loved by the writers and broadcasters, or even the fans. In Los Angeles a popular radio man, Jim Healy, frequently entertains traffic jams with criticism of the Rams, and several members of the L.A. press are not prepared to forgive Rosenbloom for Anaheim, Namath, Allen, the lack of an exciting runner, or anything else.

None of this is very fair to the Ram players of high quality, guys who could play for just about anybody—like Tackle Doug France, Center Rich Saul and Guard Dennis Harrah in the offensive line, or defensive standouts such as Free Safety Bill Simpson, Outside Linebacker Jim Youngblood—whose hard tackles have rendered three quarterbacks hors de combat this season—and Tackle Larry Brooks. The Rams even have excellent wide receivers in Miller, Ron Jessie and Billy Waddy.



Cappelletti's sprint set up the winning TD

"The problem with our appeal is that we don't have a game-breaking runner," says Don Klosterman, the general manager. "That's what everybody means when they say you have an exciting team. We thought we had one with either Wendell Tyler or Elvis Peacock, but they're hurt."

Obviously, there is only one thing the Rams can do to overcome their image problems.

"Win," says Klosterman.

On Sunday night there was some question whether either team would even win. At halftime the score was 0–0. Up in a corner of the press box somebody asked Jim Hardy, the ex-Ram and ex-Trojan who is general manager of the Coliseum that Rosenbloom is leaving, if he could remember the last time he had seen a scoreless pro game.

"Isn't that always the Rams' score?" Hardy said.

As they say, L.A. is a tough room. **END**



A REVIVAL IS A SMASH OFF BROADWAY

Even through cracked glasses new Coach Fred Shero likes what he has seen of his New York Rangers the longtime failure symbols who suddenly are winning

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Carol Vadnais stood at the open window of his second-floor motel room in New York's suburban Westchester County the other morning, and busily threw clothes into the parking lot below. As monogrammed shirts, tailored slacks and custom-made sports coats floated earthbound, they were hurriedly gathered up and put into a car by Vadnais' waiting roommate, Dave Maloney, the New York Ranger captain. Not long ago an onlooker might have feared the worst from such a scene. Were the Rangers, who have not won the Stanley Cup in 38 years, finally being run out of town by their suffering fans?

No, Vadnais was merely dropping his cleaning out the window to Maloney to spare himself a trip down the stairs. The Rangers not only intend to stick around a while—until the laundry comes back, anyway—but under Fred Shero, their new coach and general manager, they rank with the Atlanta Flames as the surprise of the young NHL season. They even have stirred fears among rivals that the man who coached the Philadelphia Flyers to the top might soon do the same in New York.

That would be quite an achievement. As the Rangers stumbled to three straight last-place finishes in the Patrick Division, the word that best characterized their performances was "lackluster." Hockey's highest-paid team, they were called the New York Strangers and the *worst* team money could buy. Compounding the Rangers' problems, the New York Islanders won the Patrick Division title last season, in only their sixth year in the NHL. "The Islanders are a gutty team," said





Millionaire Swedes Ulf Nilsson (left) and Anders Hedberg haven't been strangers to the Rangers

one New York fan. "No one has ever called the Rangers gutty. Gutless maybe." And the faithful became faithless. Madison Square Garden was no longer sold out for Ranger games, and the fans who did show up booed their fallen heroes mercilessly.

This season the Rangers started out conservatively, then reeled off a seven-game winning streak that included victories over Toronto and Montreal—at the Forum, no less. The streak was the Rangers' longest in four years. By the end of last week their 9–3–3 record was the second best in the NHL.

The most encouraging aspect of the surge is the way it has been fashioned. Last season the Rangers boasted talented young players like Left Wing Pat Hickey and Defenseman Ron Greschner, who scored 40 and 24 goals, respectively, as New York ranked a respectable sixth among 18 NHL clubs on offense. But inept goaltending and an utter distaste for body checking left the club in 12th place defensively. So there are the Rangers now, leading the league with a stingy 2.47 goals-against average. Goaltenders John Davidson, Wayne Thomas and Doug Soetaert have performed like All-Stars, thanks in part to the zealousness with which New York defensemen have been clearing the puck in front of them.

"If the goaltender on this club stops the first shot," says a grateful Davidson, "chances are the other team won't get another. They used to get one or two more every time."

The improved play of the Ranger defensemen, who as a group tend to be mobile but not overly big or aggressive, can be traced to a straightforward plea from Shero to "play your game but toughen up a little." To help them withstand the rougher going, Shero has rotated six defensemen instead of the four or five used by most teams. As one result, Maloney, who at 22 is the NHL's youngest captain, has been playing even more tenaciously than before, and the 23-year-old Greschner, a slick puck-handler previously known only for his offensive skills, has emerged as an all-round star.

The Rangers have also received a lift from those celebrated newcomers, Anders Hedberg and Ulf Nilsson, the swift-skating Swedes who last summer signed two-year contracts with New York for around $1 million apiece, making them hockey's highest-paid performers. The linemates had been goal-producing sensations for Winnipeg in the WHA, and while they haven't burned up the NHL, they have not exactly lost their scoring touch, either. Nilsson, a rosy cheeked center, leads the Rangers with six goals, while Hedberg, blond and bowlegged at right wing, has three goals and is tied with Greschner for the team lead with nine assists. "But what has helped most is their honesty," Shero says. "They go into the corner for the puck and take the body, and they don't care who's coming. And if they're supposed to go in front of the net, they go."

Shero refuses to make too much of the strong start. "It's too early to tell how good we are," he says. "Maybe we've just been lucky." But his players feel that there is nothing fluky about their improved play. "Before, there were only about six or seven teams we could usually count on legitimately beating," says Maloney. "Now I'd say the number is 12 or 13."

If the Rangers are indeed for real, nobody will be happier about it than Sonny Werblin, the impresario who 11 months ago took over as president of Madison Square Garden Corp., the parent company of the Rangers as well as the NBA Knicks. Werblin is best known in sports for having turned the bumbling New York Titans into the Super Bowl champion Jets—notably by signing Joe Namath to a three-year contract for a then shocking $400,000—and, more recently, for having made a winner of New Jersey's Meadowlands sports complex. With the Rangers, Werblin faces another stern test. "If they don't make the playoffs every year and go pretty far, they don't meet the payroll," Werblin says. "It's as simple as that."

Although the Rangers sneaked into the playoffs for the first time in three years

continued



Garden boss Werblin fired the old regime and lured the Swedes with money, Shero with power

as a wild-card team last spring, they were eliminated, predictably, by Buffalo in Round 1, which is hardly what Werblin means by "pretty far." Life on the Rangers had been unsettled much of the season. One source of turmoil was the heavy-handed way General Manager John Ferguson hounded and humiliated Rod Gilbert, New York's all-time scoring leader, into retirement. Another was the drug bust of flashy young Right Wing Don Murdoch, which eventually resulted in the NHL suspending him for at least the first 40 games of this season. As the Rangers struggled with these and other crises, Werblin lost all confidence in the management team of Ferguson and Coach Jean-Guy Talbot.

"The Rangers were even more undisciplined than the Titans were in the early years," Werblin says. "Ferguson and Talbot didn't seem to know what the problem was. That's because I think *they* were the problem."

Werblin's solution was to spend a lot of Madison Square Garden's money. Some of it went to win the bidding war for Hedberg and Nilsson, who put themselves on the NHL market as a package, á la Koufax and Drysdale. "They weren't the best hockey players in the world," Werblin says, "but they were the best *available* hockey players and we needed them." Rival owners complained that the Rangers upset the game's salary structure with their payoff to the Swedes, but Werblin replied, "I heard that talk when I signed Namath, but it was good for pro football. This is the same thing. The NHL needs television revenues, and if New York has a strong team, Madison Avenue will become cognizant of the sport. That happens to be axiomatic."

Werblin next went after Shero, who at the time was under contract to Philadelphia—or so it was thought: Werblin insists that Shero wasn't legally bound to the Flyers. However, NHL President John Ziegler saw fit to remind the Rangers of the rules against tampering, and after signing Shero to a reported $250,000-a-year, five-year contract, the Rangers gave the Flyers a first-round draft choice as compensation.

None of this was necessarily any more important, though, than Werblin's less ballyhooed success in finding the Rangers a new practice rink. The team had been practicing and, for the most part, living, in Long Beach, a forlorn—in the winter—resort town on Long Island that is handy to Kennedy Airport but little else. Because Manhattan was an arduous 75-minute drive away, even Ranger home games seemed like road trips. Determined to get the Rangers out of what he called "Islander territory" and into the mainstream of New York City, Werblin switched team practices to a rink in Hawthorne, a Westchester County suburb that is a mere 45 minutes from Broadway. Several players have since moved from Long Beach to Manhattan, and others have settled in Westchester.

Some of the Rangers think the wholesale uprooting will help make them more harmonious, which they haven't always been. As Maloney explains it, "The guys were just too close together in Long Beach. If somebody went out for a beer, the next day everybody knew it. Whenever you have 20 guys, you'll have cliques, but maybe out there the cliques got too dominant. Now we're living in a more normal situation, and I think things will be better."

As he leads the Rangers out of the NHL's depths—or at least out of Islander territory—the tough-minded Shero admits to an uncharacteristic attack of sentiment. After all, he was a Ranger defenseman in the late '40s, and he coached in the New York organization for 13 years. Inexplicably, Emile Francis, who was the Rangers' general manager from 1964 to 1976 and also coached the team much of that time, never offered Shero the one job he always wanted: coach of the Rangers. So, tired of waiting, Shero went to Philadelphia in 1971, and coached the Flyers to Stanley Cup championships in 1974 and 1975.

In his eagerness to return to New York, Shero at first told the Flyers he didn't want to coach anymore. Then, when Werblin offered him the combined job of GM-coach, he said that, well, what he meant was that he didn't want to *just* coach. Some of the Flyers accused Shero of duplicity, and he says in a wounded tone, "If you're afraid to accept a better job, there's something wrong with you." It has not helped matters that while the Rangers have put together the NHL's second-best record, the Flyers have barely climbed above .500.

Shero's inexperience as a general manager has, at times, been painfully apparent. He hurriedly tried to appoint his own man, Mickey Keating, as coach of the New Haven Nighthawks on the mistaken assumption that the Rangers owned the minor league team. He just as quickly had to back off when he learned that the Rangers merely had a working arrangement with New Haven, which was very happy, thank you, with the coach it had, Parker MacDonald. On another occasion, Shero expressed interest in signing free agent Defenseman Dave Hutchison, who played last year for Los Angeles (and subsequently signed with Toronto), without realizing, astonishing-

continued


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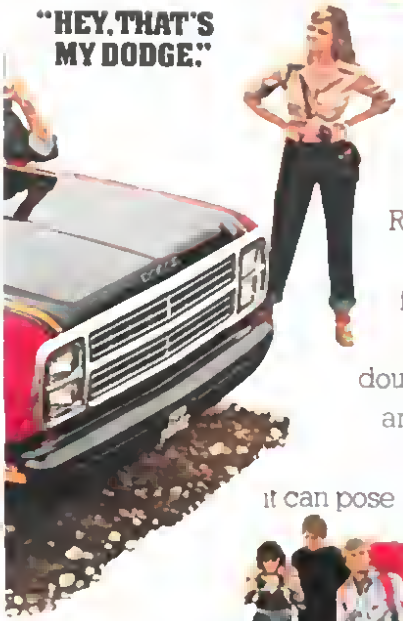
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ly, that NHL rules require compensation in such cases.

"Compensation?" he asked Hutchison's agent.

"Yes, if you sign Hutchison, you'll have to offer a player to George Maguire in return."

"George Maguire?"

It also turned out that Shero didn't know the name of Los Angeles' general manager.

Shero is on familiar ground, of course, as coach. In Philadelphia he acquired the detested nickname of "the Fog," partly because of his enigmatic personality but also because his keenly analytical approach to hockey was beyond the ken of most of his fellow coaches. A believer in the team aspects of what too often has been a free-lancing game, Shero scrawled the words UNITY AND HARD WORK IS OUR MOTTO on the blackboard when the Rangers showed up for training camp. He also patiently introduced his new team to his vaunted "system," a set of deceptively simple guidelines showing players how to position themselves on the ice during various situations.

"Fred makes you understand what's expected of you and where you should be in relation to your teammates," says Mike McEwen, a rarely used defenseman during the Ferguson era but a regular under Shero. "For instance, he's taught me that even when I've got the puck, I should put myself in the best defensive position. He makes hockey seem simple: just hit the other guy, bump him, get in his way. And he makes our practices interesting."

Shero let his feelings about the importance of team play be known one day when a *New York Times* reporter came around to do a story on Hedberg and Nilsson. New York's three-month-old newspaper strike had just ended, and one might have expected the welcome mat to be out for journalists. Forget it. The two Swedes had been deluged with interview requests during a recent road trip, and Shero, who had just had four front teeth extracted, began growling through the gap. "Why don't you leave them alone? Everybody wants to talk to the stars. Talk to the other guys. The last guy on the bench is just as important."

To their credit, Hedberg and Nilsson have held up well under the media blitz. They have obligingly provided questioners with their impressions of New York (Nilsson, a devotee of the stage, pronounced the Broadway theater "great"), and they take pains to speak English to each other whenever, as sometimes will happen in the Big Apple, a non-Swede is around. And it was with an apologetic air that they said they hoped to improve their play. "I think I could be passing and backchecking a little better," Hedberg said. He was careful to add, "But we're winning, so it's not important."

As Hedberg, Nilsson and the Rangers' other young stars move into the limelight, it is almost possible to overlook Phil Esposito, whose five goals this season have increased his NHL career hoard to 639, second only to Gordie Howe's 786. Acquired three years ago in a controversial trade with Boston, Esposito was promptly appointed New York's captain, earning him the resentment of teammates who thought Gilbert deserved the honor. Largely for that reason, Esposito was never comfortable in the role, and when Shero arrived, the 36-year-old Esposito resigned the captaincy and was succeeded by Maloney. Esposito claims to be unburdened, and he acts it. During practice last week, the gregarious center spied TV sportscaster Marv Albert and yelled, "Hey, why don't you recommend me as a summer replacement at the station?" At the time he put forward this job application, Esposito was in the middle of a rink-length rush.

Esposito has slowed down in recent years, and he has had to contend lately with unwelcome rumors that he will be traded. "Not long ago I would have been happy to play somewhere else," he says. "But now this club has the potential to win the Stanley Cup in the next year or two, and I'd like to be part of it."

The Rangers' early-season success heartens, in particular, Vadnais, the fellow who threw his clothes out the motel window. An ex-Bruin who came to the Rangers in the same deal as Esposito, the 33-year-old Vadnais is the only graybeard in the youthful defensive corps. He had come in for a lot of derision the last couple of years from the Garden crowds, but this season the booing has pretty much stopped. "When I make mistakes I'm a natural target," Vadnais says with a shrug. "What are the fans going to do, blame a 22-year-old kid? But when we win they forget the mistakes fast. I'll tell you, it's nice hearing cheers for a change."

Vadnais may even stick around *after* his laundry comes back. **END**

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GOING WITH THE WIND

Some say his boats can only go downhill, but Bill Lee, who holds the Transpac record, claims that ultralight is right in any direction

by ***RICHARD W. JOHNSTON***

At the end of a rough and sometimes muddy road above Soquel, four miles south of Santa Cruz on the California coast, is a big old chicken house. A small, crudely lettered sign on a telephone pole says BILL LEE YACHTS. The parking lot lies some 30 feet below the coop, and an unpainted wooden staircase leads up to the hen-house door, which bears another sign: BRING A SIX-PACK. A lot of rich people have carried six-packs up those rickety stairs.

Most arrivals, rich or poor, six-packed or empty-handed, step inside the door to find nobody home. There is no foyer, no carpeting, no secretary, no bank of easy chairs. The visitor sees only a cluttered corridor opening into an enormous lofthke room. The floor is strewn with boat hulls and forms that from a distance look like hulls that have been sliced in two, stem to stern, with a cleaver.

Eventually, a man emerges from one of the doors, a stocky, medium-size fellow with an aureole of dark curls framing a high forehead and a pudgy face decorated with a wispy beard. Unsmiling eyes, magnified by thick-lensed, shell-rimmed glasses, inspect the visitor, who finally breaks the silence. "I have an appointment with Bill Lee."

A hand is extended—in welcome or for the beer?

"I'm Lee," says the greeter. "You bring a six-pack?"

The beer is produced and accepted.

"Okey dokey," says Bill Lee and turns back toward the door.

Okey dokey? The visitor follows, trying to remember the last time he heard that expression. Is this morose, shambling figure in the saggy old sweater—it would hang to the seat of his pants if the seat of his pants weren't already drooping halfway to the back of his knees—is this really the roistering, party-loving sailor who has been called "the king of the downhill racers"? Can this be the carefree builder whose ultralights won seven out of 19 trophies in Trans-Pacific yacht racing in 1975 and who, this past summer, was first to finish the Victoria-Maui International race?

Well, yes and no. The roisterous, boisterous Bill Lee is on public display only at the end of triumphant ocean races, when the smile he reserves for old friends goes public and the six-packs yield to champagne and mai-tais. And why is *that* Bill Lee happy? Because the boats he designs go like—as well as with—the wind. That's the Bill Lee, warmed by tropic rum and bedecked with leis, who told a Honolulu reporter after he finished first in the 1977 Transpac, "We sail for the fun of it—any excuse for a party. We don't even like to maintain a boat. It cuts into valuable party time." In the rush of that success, in which his boat bettered the 6-year-old record of nine days, nine hours, six minutes and 48 seconds by nearly a whole day, Lee told another writer, "We weren't out to break *Windward Passage's* record. We *knew* we could do that. The mark we wanted was Eric Tabarly's 1969 time of eight days and 13 hours in his trimaran *Pen Duick IV*. And we beat that by nearly two hours."

This man in the hen house is the other Bill Lee, the wary and suspicious wizard who has become one of the most controversial figures in racing-yacht design. And it was here that his masterpiece, the 67-foot, 22,000-pound sloop *Merlin*, was conceived and sent out to create new interest in yachting and to outrage the yachting Establishment. The crowds that throng Diamond Head and Lahaina at the conclusion of the biennial Trans-Pacific and Victoria-Maui International ocean races aren't there to see traditional yachts wallow home to victory on corrected time. They are there to see the *Merlins* and the *Drifters* and the *Ragtimes* come home across the vast savannas of the sea as though they were, in truth, pursued by the hounds of heaven.

Why are there two Bill Lees, and why is this one sad? It is because his boats go so fast with the wind that critics say they can't go up it or across it. The somber Bill Lee has found that indifference, real or feigned, is a reliable defense against charges that he builds one-purpose downhill sleds and that such lightly built boats can't possibly be safe. *continued*

The hull of the future or a one-purpose boat? For designer Lee, it's all in how you look at it





Once it was a chicken coop, but now Lee's headquarters south of Santa Cruz hatches sailboats

The allegations have gained a certain credence since Lee's most publicized victories have, indeed, been won going downhill—that is, with the wind behind him. The 1977 Transpac, with Lee at the helm of *Merlin*, and the Vic-Maui this past July, with *Merlin* chartered by Doug Fryer of Seattle, cut a total of two and a half days off the old records—and both are downwind races, with no serious weather or reaching legs. Once clear of Los Angeles and Victoria, respectively, the racers soon pick up the northeast trade winds and run before them all the way to Hawaii. But *Merlin* did not "win" either the Transpac or the International. Jim Kilroy's 80,000-pound ketch *Kialoa* won the former, and *Bravura*, a 48-foot Freres heavyweight, won the Vic-Maui, though she finished almost four days after *Merlin*. Both won on corrected time. Corrected time is the handicapping system based on the International Offshore Rule.

Sometimes, that is.

Although the IOR is the worldwide standard, regional yachting associations have power to modify it in emergency situations. Such emergencies are being generated by the appearance of new, light designs that threaten the dominance of heavy, traditional vessels. For the 1977 and 1978 races, the Pacific Handicap Racing Fleet, which had been stung twice in the past by a Lee boat, decided that neither *Merlin* nor Harry Moloscho's *Drifter*—a boat similar to *Merlin*—could be beaten in a scratch race by conventional yachts. Well, the fleet had bent the offshore rule in previous years to discourage catamaran and trimaran skippers, so now the handicap committee of the Trans-Pacific Yacht Club simply heavily penalized ultralight boats and put them in their own division. By the time *Merlin* and *Drifter* set out in the Transpac, the only way either could have "won" the race would have been to hitch a tow from a 747.

Although the IOR rating system has proved effective over the years as a means of diminishing the disparity between large and small boats of comparable design and relative weight to length ratios, some builders fear that it discourages advances in the state of the art. Bill Lee does not seem to give it much attention either way, much as the penalties may rankle. "Under Pacific Handicap rules there's no reason for me to build a faster boat," he says, "but I don't worry about that. The feeling of going fast is the thing."

Lee views the honorific "king of the downhill racers" as a slur rather than a compliment, even while conceding that *Merlin* has yet to prove her competitive ability in a long heavy-weather race embodying all points of sail. (After the Transpac, *Merlin* took on *Phantom* and another light heavy, the 61-foot *Sorcery*, in a series of triangular races off Maui. *Merlin* won two out of three, but in light air.) And he fiercely disagrees with a Hawaiian yachtsman who not only denounced the ultras as downhill sleds, but also added, "I wouldn't feel safe sailing in one."

"There are only two divisions of sailing," Lee says. "Racing men who want to go fast in heavy weather and cruising

men who want to feel safe in heavy weather. Actually, they'd be safer in medium-to-light boats. One of the safest things you can put in the ocean is a Ping-Pong ball. Racing people often want a boat designed right down to the edge, but I won't do that. *Merlin* is safe in any weather."

Some of the charges of lack of safety stem from a notion that Lee, who designed his first boat in 1969, is a by-guess-and-by-God operator who "builds light and shoves lead here and there if it seems appropriate." Not true, says Charles Mason, a respected yachting writer. "Lee is a trained engineer who knows exactly what he is doing, both in matters of design and construction." This conclusion is borne out both by Lee's record as a sailor and by his predesign training.

Bill Lee began sailing traditional craft—and winning races—as a high school student in Newport Beach, Calif. After graduating from Cal Poly with a degree in mechanical engineering, he spent two years doing stress, trim and weight analyses for manufacturers of armored personnel carriers, submarines and amphibious craft. But he hated going to the office—it left no time for fun—and in 1969 he quit and moved to Santa Cruz, ostensibly to sell real estate but actually to sail.

"Then I got the bug to build a lighter boat than any then available," Lee says, "so I designed *Magic*. We built it outdoors, and it really wasn't a professional job, but I had real good luck with a 'sandwich' hull—fiber glass, balsa core, more fiber glass." Perhaps luck had nothing to do with it. He subjected every aspect of *Magic*'s design to the stringent stress and weight tests he had mastered in his previous job.

"I didn't originate the sandwich hull," Lee says. "I was interested in going fast, but in a boat that would be structurally sound. Most boats are made of glass, wood or aluminum. The weakest hull forms are sprayed glass, and while the average stock glass boat is strong enough, it's heavier and slower. Some builders use chopped fiber glass put on with a gun, but it's not as strong as the woven fiber glass we use. We do a hand lay-up, paint the glass with thin resin for additional stiffening, then add the core—it can be either foam or balsa wood, but I think balsa's better—and then the inner weave." Lee has used this sandwich ever since.

A 30-foot boat that displaced only 2,500 pounds and carried nearly 450 square feet of sail, *Magic* ran away with the Monterey Bay races in the summer of 1970, with the young skipper getting as much attention as his radical boat. Lee was invited by Art Biehl, a San Francisco yachtsman, to sail in the 1971 Transpac, in which *Windward Passage* achieved the record that *Merlin* was to break in 1977, and Biehl asked Lee to design a 36-foot ultralight for his next ocean try. *Witchcraft* came out of Lee's makeshift shop at 7,500 pounds and, in response to a plea from Honolulu yachtsman Stu Cowan, he duplicated her in a boat Cowan named *Chutzpah*. The Pacific Fleet handicappers were beginning to get upset by this design trend, and when Cowan entered *Chutzpah* in the 1973 Transpac, the committee corrected her rating to account for extra anticipated downwind speed. *Ragtime*, the big ultralight from New Zealand, was attracting even more attention from the handicappers. *Ragtime* finished first, but *Chutzpah* sneaked home to victory on corrected time, of all things.

That fall Lee, realizing that building an occasional custom yacht was hardly a way to make a living, found the chicken coop, a huge structure built on a 10,000-square-foot concrete slab that had housed the laying stock of a big poultry firm. The fact that it was at the end of a hilly road, more than a mile from the water, only persuaded Lee that it would be a perfect place to build a lot of better boats in peace. He trundles them to the water *continued*

The usually somber Lee is happiest at sea; the feeling of going fast is what really counts, he says.





She's so long—67 feet—and sleek—12-foot beam—that Merlin has been called half a catamaran

BILL LEE *continued*

on flatbed trucks. When he moved in, he already had one boat on his board—a little 27-footer that would be within the means of modest sailors.

The Santa Cruz 27s, which displaced only 3,000 pounds and cost only $16,995, started fluttering out of the coop in 1974. The next year Lee sailed *Panache*, his first 40-footer, to Manzanillo in Mexico, and it was there, while partying on the deck of *Ragtime*, that he and his crewmen, all longtime buddies, decided to do a big one. He was still working out the design of *Merlin*—a yacht so long and narrow (a 12-foot beam against her 67-foot length) that it has been called half a catamaran—when Stu Cowan slipped *Chutzpah* past the handicappers again for another corrected-time victory in the 1975 Transpac. For the second time, *Ragtime* ran interference.

"It took four of us about 10 months to build *Merlin*," Lee says. "Molosch dropped in from Los Angeles one day, looked her over and decided he wanted one just like her. We said next year—so he went home, drew his own plans and started *Drifter* just a month before we launched *Merlin*. He had her built a little bigger all around and used an Airex foam core instead of balsa—lighter but not as strong." It was a remarkable job of eyeballing.

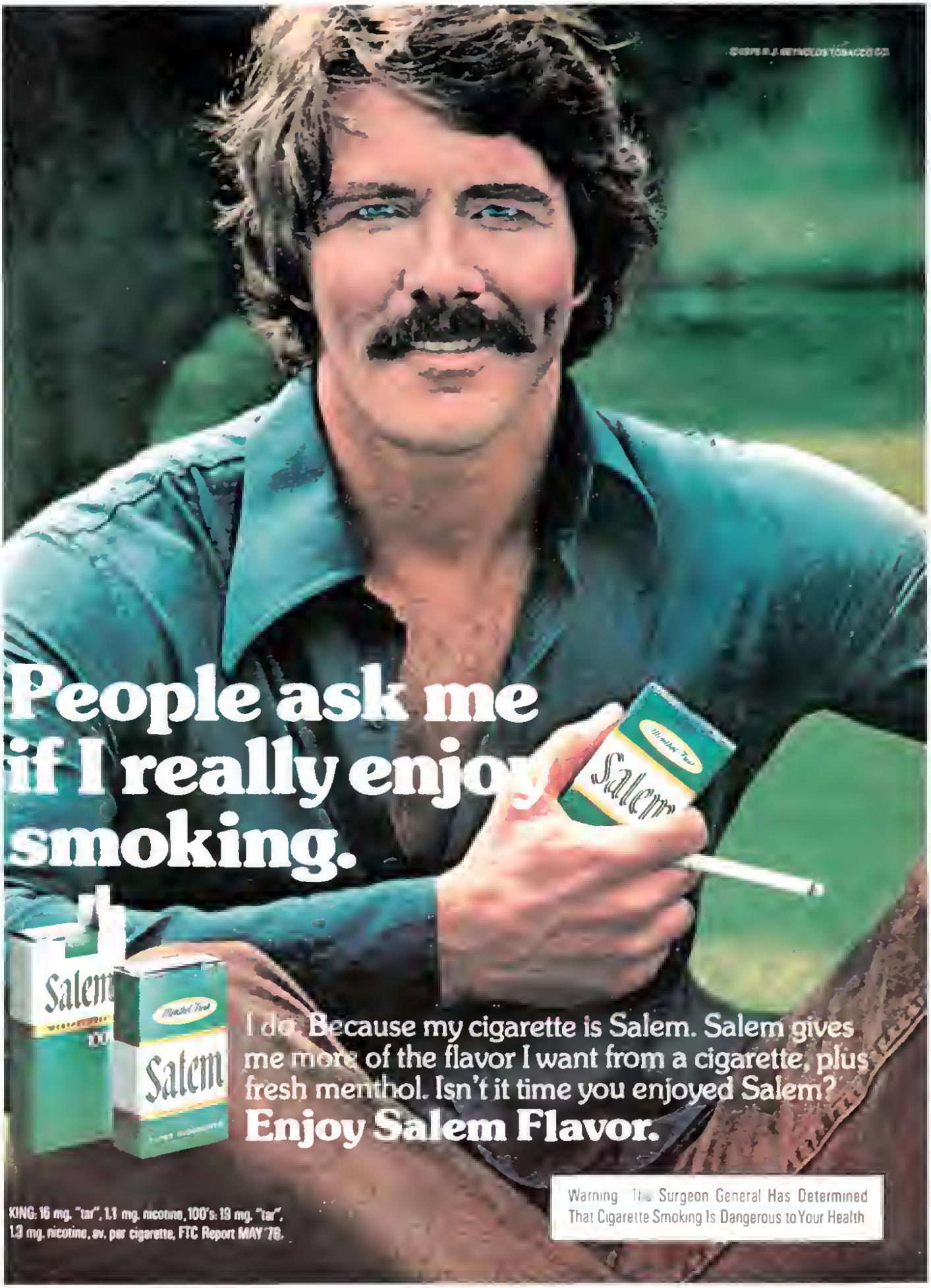
Drifter has outrun *Merlin* several times, including the La Paz race, which *Merlin* won on handicap, and the Cal Cup match race series last spring at Marina Del Rey. The first two races of the series were divided, and *Drifter* eked out the decisive third by only 14 seconds in air so light that the reach leg was eliminated. *Merlin* beat *Drifter* by 17 minutes in the Transpac and by 14 hours in the Vic-Maui.

Matching ultras against each other in light air may not prove much of anything as far as the present controversy goes, but it isn't quite true to say *Merlin* has never been asked to function in choppy seas and brisk winds. Lee took her to San Francisco Bay last year for a Sunday singlehanded race around the Farallon Islands. He won the first-to-finish award in a course-record nine hours, beating out to the Islands against 35-knot winds and whitecaps and steering home through quartering seas. A trimaran finished second, three hours later. "It was no big deal," Lee says. "I had self-tailing winches and just streamed all the sheets back to the cockpit."

Still, a great majority of the world yachting fraternity remains convinced that the ultralights are strictly downwind boats. Gary Mull, the respected designer of the Ranger 23, says, "It would be amazing if *Merlin* didn't go fast downwind—but she doesn't go upwind worth a didley." And some critics still fear that the structural integrity of Lee's boats is questionable. But support for the ultras is growing among seasoned blue-water sailormen. Both Greg Gillette, who nearly sailed *Sweet Okole* to overall victory in the SORC, and Doug Fryer, who won the 1976 Victoria-Maui race and skippered *Merlin* to her record 1978 finish, believe the ultralights can perform competitively on all points of sail. "*Sweet Okole* has gone six knots dead upwind," Gillette says of the boat designed by New Zealander Bruce Farr. "I think we could have won the Hawaii Around-the-State race, and this is an event in which sailors often contend with 14- to 16-foot seas and winds of up to 35 knots."

In the Vic-Maui, the racers went to windward coming out of the Straits of Juan de Fuca. "*Merlin* doesn't have the depth, weight or stability to hit into the wind," Fryer says, "but those problems are easily solved by just holding a course off the wind a little more than usual. The speed of the boat makes up for the difference in course. You are still going a

continued


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lot faster than anyone else. It doesn't take much wind to get this boat going fast I'd say *Merlin* can perform very well in all kinds of weather."

What Gillette and Fryer are saying is that the ultras have to be "sailed." They don't run on automatic pilot, and they don't reward inexperience or lassitude Gillette puts it in terms of sustained output—"You have to make more trim adjustment, and it takes more effort by the crew." A sailor from the Vic-Maui concurs. "The boat is very lively and hard on the crew," he says. "Everything happens instantly. It means you are constantly changing gears—staysails go up and down with every shift in the weather or slight adjustment in the course. You can go from 10 to 16 knots in 20 seconds." Another ultra crewman, while conceding the hard work involved, says, "These are grand prix racing boats. They have brought the thrills back to big-boat racing."

There is less agreement among ultra supporters on seaworthiness. Last spring *Merlin* won the 1,110-mile San Diego-Manzanillo race, with Lee first to finish, first in his big-boat class, and fifth overall on corrected time. Mexican yachtsmen sponsored a number of subsequent races, and Gillette says that in one of them *Merlin* dropped out after she opened a leak at the juncture of keel and hull. This is the kind of information Bill Lee does not volunteer. He says, "I never discuss races that I lose."

Before the Vic-Maui, *Drifter*, under charter to a group from Hawaii's Lahaina Yacht Club, was damaged while bucking 35-knot winds and 15-foot seas on her way north from Oregon. After repairs, *Drifter* competed in the International but did not do well, and in the ensuing Pan-American Clipper Cup yacht series in Hawaii she finally quit. "She couldn't seem to go to weather at all," Gillette says.

Drifter's misfortunes do not necessarily imply that other ultras have similar structural weaknesses; she was, after all, a rush job Gillette says, "A tough race is no harder on an ultralight than on any other boat. I've raced all over the world and have never seen any weather that I'd be afraid to take *Sweet Okole* out in, if any boat could go."

Both builders seek a combination of lightness and strength. Farr-designed boats have to sacrifice amenities because wood makes for heavier hulls than Lee's fiber glass-balsa sandwich. "Sweet Okole was stripped—we had built-in hammocks," Gillette says. "We carried only what the IOR requires." Crewmen on Lee boats, from the SC27s to *Merlin*, are not asked to endure comparable hardships. *Merlin*'s interior finish is nearly as luxurious as that of a cruiser—a Honolulu writer suggested she could be a "party boat," and in fact Lee spends most of his "valuable party time" aboard. He has no interest in luxury ashore. A bachelor, he lives in two tiny rooms, one stacked above the other in a corner of the chicken house, and both as cramped and cluttered as *Merlin* is neat and, relatively, spacious.

It will take more big-boat ocean races, in rougher waters, to settle the question of the ultras' structural soundness. But the Lee SC27s—more than 100 are now in the water—frequently sail in one-design and handicap races in Monterey Bay, at Marina Del Rey and at Redondo Beach, and none have shown design or construction flaws. Lee now has a new 33-foot class in progress, with some 12 boats already delivered or shaping up in the chicken-house molds

One place where there is almost no controversy about Bill Lee is Santa Cruz. Among people who know him, the fun-loving, party-going Lee is a familiar and well-liked figure. Dave Garibotti, a general contractor and regatta chairman of the Santa Cruz Yacht Club, not only likes Lee but also denies that the ultralights are hard to sail or slow to weather. "In races in Monterey Bay the SC27s and the Moore 24s are almost always first at the windward mark," he says. "*Merlin* is easier to sail than *Ondine*. In the SCYC we've divided our boats into heavies and lights so we can have races—otherwise the lights would win them all."

His Santa Cruz friends recall with delight Lee's prescription for a successful ocean sailor, which he passed along to a Honolulu writer after the 1977 Transpac "There are four things a racing sailor has to do. He has to sail the boat. He has to eat and he has to sleep. And, most important, he has to avoid falling overboard In the history of the Transpac I believe only one guy has fallen over. It took 30 hours to find him. That's no way to win a race"

In Santa Cruz hardly anybody now thinks Bill Lee has either fallen or gone overboard, and nobody doubts that he knows how to win a race **END**





THE IRON MAN IN THE MASK

Ron Boone of the Los Angeles Lakers has had his share of injuries, like this broken nose, but he's about to set a record for consecutive games

by JOHN PAPANEK

For what it's worth, Ron Boone is the most popular professional athlete ever to play in Salt Lake City. Over eight seasons he also was a favorite in places like Dallas, Memphis, Louisville, Charlotte, Commack, N.Y., St. Louis and Norfolk. But that was in the *other* league, the ABA, which expired in 1976 with Boone as its third-leading all-time scorer.

For the past two years, the 6′ 2½″ Boone has played in the NBA, and his profile has been much lower, but not because he has lost any of his skills. At 32, he looks 26, and he is still one of the best all-round guards in the game, a powerfully muscled, pugnacious defender and a superb outside shooter. Boone's main misfortune was to enter the NBA with the Kansas City Kings, hardly media darlings, whose players have been known to disappear without a trace.

Thus, when he surfaced this season in Los Angeles, acquired in a trade to replace Charlie Scott, Boone found that the fans there—not to mention the press, the players, even the coach—knew little about him. In fact, for the first few weeks of the season they did not even know what he looked like, because he wore a mask to protect his nose, which had been repositioned by an opponent's elbow in an exhibition game. What Los Angeles did know about Boone was this: he came from somewhere and he was supposed to be pretty good—though while wearing his mask both he and the Lakers were pretty awful—and he had never, ever missed a basketball game in his life until this past exhibition season. Ron Boone was the iron man in the mask.

Even if he never becomes a star in the NBA, this week Ron Boone will be able to claim one of the greatest achievements in pro basketball history. When he steps onto the court in Houston on Nov. 22, he will play in his 845th consecutive regular-season game, eclipsing the record set by Johnny (Red) Kerr with Syracuse, Philadelphia and Baltimore between 1954 and 1965. The officials will probably stop the game and give him the basketball to be displayed in his den alongside Nos. 800, 700 *et al*., and his wife Jack-

continued

ie will fly down from their home in Omaha to help him celebrate.

But the august NBA will react with a big ho-hum. Because, you see, 662 of Boone's games were played in the *ABA*, and everyone knows that the NBA doesn't remember the ABA with fondness. According to the NBA, Kerr's record is safe for at least another four seasons, because his closest pursuer is San Diego's Randy Smith, way back there at 530 games as of Nov. 12. "I wouldn't knock Boone's accomplishment," says Kerr, now a broadcaster for the Chicago Bulls. "I always said that nobody could know what playing in that many consecutive games was like except the guy who did it and his wife. But, listen, if Sadaharu Oh came over and hit two home runs for the Yankees, would he break Hank Aaron's major league home-run record?"

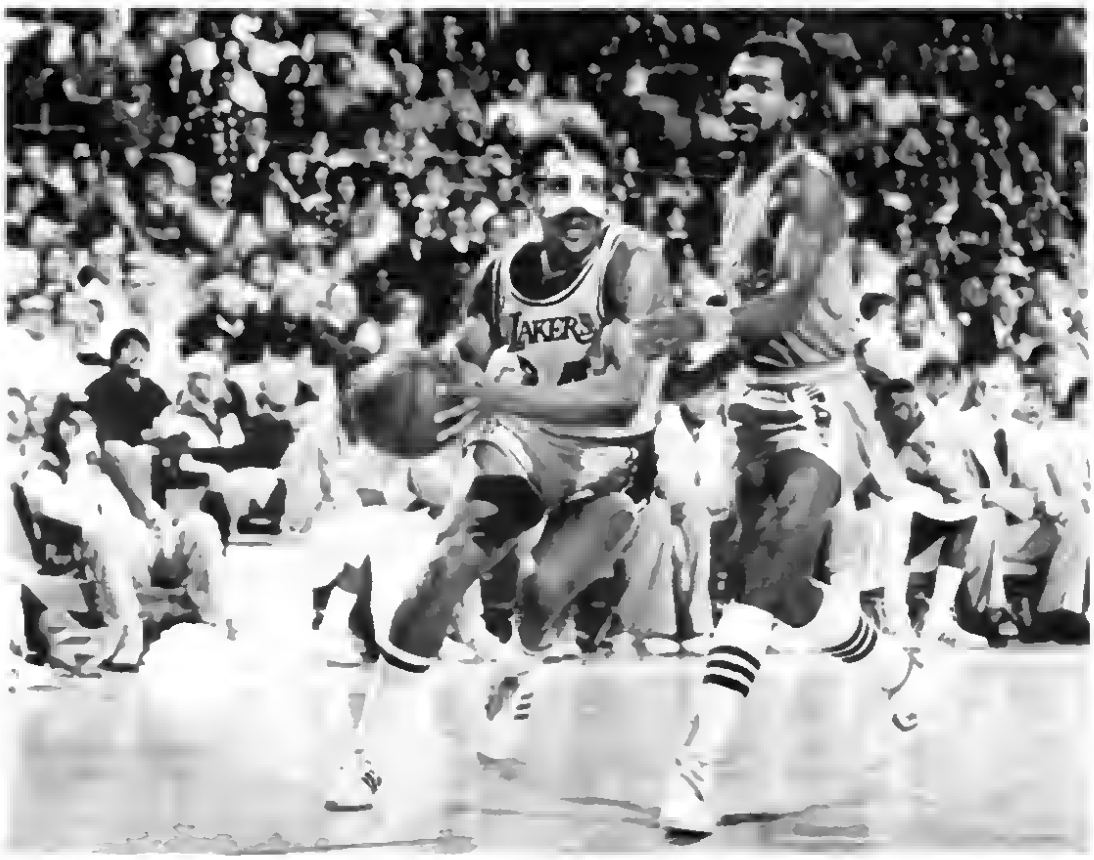
Whether or not Boone's name is ever inscribed in the NBA record book is of little concern to him. Like every ABA alumnus, he is fiercely proud of his roots. "The whole consecutive-games thing was brought to my attention nine years ago, after I'd played 200-something straight for the Dallas Chaparrals and the Utah Stars," says Boone. "I was told that the record held by Johnny Kerr was for basketball, period. If you put yourself out for 82 or 84 games a year for 10 straight years, I don't see that it makes any difference what color the basketball is."

To gauge the significance of what it's like to play 10-plus seasons and never miss a game—including playoffs, which will make Boone's total 921 as of Nov. 22—it should be noted that of those among the NBA's 242 players who have completed as few as *three seasons*, only Chicago's Artis Gilmore, besides Boone, has never missed a game. Gilmore has a nice little string of his own going—599 as of Nov. 12. That's right, Gilmore played in the ABA, too. Can this mean that ABA players are tougher than NBA players? No way.

"When I broke Dolph Schayes' old record of 706," says Kerr, "I got a telegram that said CONGRATULATIONS YOU'RE ONLY 1,423 BEHIND GEHRIG." But if 845 doesn't sound astronomical enough, consider the NBA player's life: constant doses of six-games-in-six-cities-in-eight-nights, practice every day, the endless running, jumping, pounding and colliding. Because virtually everyone has missed at least *one* game with a broken toenail, a bruised elbow, Hong Kong flu or a deviated septum, Boone's feat is astonishing. His coach, Jerry West, no sissy, had his nose broken nine times during his career. "The way Ron plays," says West, "I don't see how he's possibly done it."

Boone began playing organized basketball in 1956, in the fourth-grade Saturday morning league at Kellom Elementary school on Omaha's all-black north side. For three years' worth of Saturdays, he missed not one game. "I remember once I didn't do my household chores and my mother said I couldn't play ball," says Boone, "but I snuck out of the house and played anyway." He got several lashes with a belt across the backside, after which he did double duty to keep from being locked up the following Saturday

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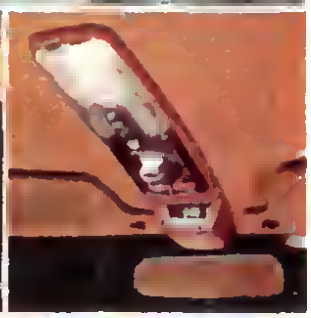
Boone, here bringing the ball up against San Diego's Randy Smith, had played in 840 straight ABA and NBA games as of Nov. 12

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He guesses his team at Technical Junior High played 30 games in two years, and as a 5' 7" playmaking guard at Tech High, he played in 85 straight. "Once our car broke down on the way to a game," he remembers, "but we pushed it to a service station and got it running. Made it to the game. Barely."

In his one season at Iowa Western Community College, he played in all 25 games. After transferring to Idaho State in 1965, he played center although he was only six feet tall. The star of the team was Dave Wagnon, who had a 32.5 scoring average and finished second to Purdue's Dave Schellhase for the NCAA scoring title. After Wagnon graduated, Boone, by then a sinewy 6' 2", performed at guard and forward and became a 22-points-per-game scorer. His 61 straight college games brought his string to 249 before he signed his first pro contract in 1968 for $15,000 and played his first game for the Chaparrals. After 2½ seasons in Dallas, five with the Stars, one with the Spirits of St. Louis, two in Kansas City and a month with the Lakers, Boone had played in something like 1,170 consecutive basketball games. *Congratulations. You're only 960 behind Gehrig.*

The other day Boone left his Spartan two-bedroom apartment in one of those Jacuzzi communities in Marina Del Rey to spend 24 hours with his wife and two children in Omaha. There he checked out the construction of their "dream house," a contemporary ranch home tucked tightly into an affluent new section outside town and hard by the exclusive Omaha Country Club. Boone, a scratch golfer, hopes to play there. "Los Angeles is not my kind of place," he says. "I drive to the airport, to practice and to the Forum. That's it. Omaha will always be my home. It's a perfect place for the kids." Indeed. 12-year-old Jozette is a budding track star, already owning a shoe box full of gold medals from regional Junior Olympic meets. Since she began running lot the Omaha Skylarks last April, she has burned a 26.1 220 and an 11.3 100. But 4-year-old Jaron could probably make it in Hollywood. He's a bundle of personality and, with the same high cheekbones, pointed chin and light eyes, the image of his father, who is part Choctaw Indian.

Jaron was resplendent in a denim leisure suit at the Omaha airport, where his mother had taken him to meet his father's plane. He couldn't wait to find out how Ron had done in the Lakers' victory over Denver the previous night. His first words were, "Daddy, did you score 20 points?"

"No," said Boone somewhat sheepishly. "I only scored seven." The boy's eyes fell.

"But as soon as I get rid of that mask I'll score 20," said Boone.

Jaron shrieked, whirled and shot an imaginary jumper.

The visit ended all too quickly. Boone was on a plane back to L.A. the next morning. Thumbing through the last edition of the *ABA Guide*, he reminisced, shaking his head as he read forgotten names. "Does it make me feel old?" he said. "No. I feel about 10 years younger. Look at all these guys I played with. *They're* all old. Ciney Powell, John Beasley, Glen Combs, Cliff Hagan, Tom Thacker, Spider Bennett. Whew!"

He recalled playing a game against the Houston Mavericks with 82 people in the stands, sliding across the ice-hockey rink to get to the court at the Long Island Arena in Commack where the New York Nets used to play and, during training with the Chaparrals, "always having somebody new in camp every day. Hagan was the player-coach and he'd bring some guy in, play him one-on-one and the next day bring in somebody else."

He chuckled when he noted the 1975-76 roster of the Spirits of St. Louis, which he had joined after the Stars ran out of money and the club was disbanded after 19 games. "Listen to this," he said. "Marvin Barnes, Caldwell Jones, Moses Malone, me, M. L. Carr, Freddie Lewis, Don Chaney and Mike Barr. The best team that never went anywhere. I remember the first day I joined that club for practice. I couldn't believe it. Everybody did what they wanted. Freddie Lewis just sat around, said he had a toothache, and Marvin, I don't even think he bothered to come that day. Marvin could do no wrong. We'd have an eight o'clock



On a quick trip home to Omaha from Los Angeles, Boone makes a point to his son Jaron.

continued

game. Marvin would show up at 7:30, have a hot dog and a Coke, then go out and score 50. The folding of the league was the best thing that could have happened to that club."

Boone also recalled playing with the ABA champion Stars in 1971, the year Dallas traded Boone and Combs for Donnie Freeman and Wayne Hightower. "The best trade I ever made," says Vince Boryla, then the Stars' GM. "Getting Ron was what won us that championship," says Bill Sharman, who coached the Stars. Sharman is now the Lakers' general manager and made the deal to bring Boone to Los Angeles. "Ron was so tough in the playoffs. I always called him the Al Attles of the ABA," says Sharman. "I coached them both. They were two of the nicest kids I have ever known. Real gentle and quiet, but don't get them mad."

Coincidentally, it was Attles who ended Schayes' string at 706 by crashing into him and fracturing his cheekbone.

Like Attles, Boone became one of the game's tougher characters. "I was no street-fightin' man by any means," he says. "I never had a fight of any kind until I got into the pros. But the ones I had, I never lost."

The names keep interweaving. Al Bianchi, for example, an old ABA opponent from the coaching ranks and now an assistant at Phoenix with whom Boone once tangled. Bianchi spent his entire 10-year career playing and rooming with Kerr, first at Syracuse and then at Philadelphia. "Boone is a tough kid, and everybody knows that, so they try not to provoke him," says Bianchi. "Kerr was a different sort. He was a finesse player. He wouldn't do a bad thing or say a bad thing to anybody. *He never got into a fight.* He knew how to take shortcuts, when to lay back and when to cut loose. So from the way Boone plays, I'd say his durability is incredible."

Like Boone, Kerr was lucky to avoid serious injuries during his career. Also like Boone, Kerr broke his nose once during the exhibition season. "Aside from that," says Kerr, "there were just little things. We had a good trainer who spent a lot of time at my house."

The question is whether or not putting together a string of 844 games is tougher today than when Kerr started his streak 25 years ago. "I think so," says Sharman, who played for Boston when Kerr was active. "The season is longer, the players are bigger, and [illegible] travel."

Kerr feels differently. "You want to talk travel?" he says. "For these guys, the longest trip is five hours coast to coast on a first-class jet. Our *shortest* trip was 5½ hours on the train from Syracuse to New York. Heck, we'd play a night game in Syracuse, then get on a sleeper train, wake up in Chicago, switch to the Hiawatha, arrive in Minneapolis at seven o'clock for an eight o'clock game and find Mikan, Mikkelsen and Pollard smiling, waiting for us. And the train didn't even stop in Fort Wayne. We'd get off in Waterloo, Ind., go to the Green Parrot Cafe and pay a bunch of high school kids to drive us to Fort Wayne and back. And the guys today stay in first-class hotels with king-sized beds. If we weren't sleeping on trains, 90% of our heds had footboards."

So how did Kerr's string finally end at 844? He had been traded to Baltimore from Philadelphia in 1965 and there met up with Coach Paul Seymour. In that season's 11th game, against Boston on Nov. 5, Seymour never called Kerr off the bench. "He knew," says Kerr, pointedly. Seymour's explanation to his former Syracuse teammate? "It had to end sometime, Red."

"My teammates took it harder than I did," says Kerr, probably underplaying his feelings. "Kevin Loughery got stiff as a board that night."

And what of Boone? The truly amazing fact is that in all his games he has never made a token appearance for the sake of the string, has never played through an injury that was serious enough to sideline him and has never taken pain-killing medication.

The first injury of his career occurred on Feb. 10, 1967, in his junior year at Idaho State. Dunking against archrival Idaho, Boone hit the rim with the ball, his body twisted and he came down on someone's shoulder. "Hip pointer," he says. "Might have been the most pain I've ever felt." Despite the pain he played against Gonzaga the next day, scored 19 points and had eight rebounds.

On Dec. 14, 1968, the Chaparrals were playing the Los Angeles Stars. Boone was under the basket when he collided with the Stars' Warren Davis. "Right shoulder separation," he says. "They strapped the shoulder blade down, and I had no lateral movement with my arm. I had to do a lot of dribbling with my left hand [illegible] the next game, but I could get my shooting arm up." Five nights later he got it up enough to score 28 points against New Orleans.

On April 7, 1975 the Utah Stars were leading at Denver 109–104 with seven minutes left in Game 2 of the ABA Western Division playoff semifinals, when Boone and Denver's Fatty Taylor collided chasing a loose ball. "I don't know where our bodies touched," says Boone, "but I came up with my left shoulder separated." The Stars ended up losing 126–120. "This one was worse than the other," he says. "At that point I was conscious of the consecutive-games string, and I thought I might miss a game." Back in Salt Lake City the next day, Boone underwent acupuncture. The next night he played 45 minutes, scored 25 points and the Stars won 122–108.

After that, he suffered nothing but a sprained ankle or two until Sept. 27 of this year, when Seattle's Dick Snyder caught him in the nose with an elbow during an exhibition game in Oakland. "They took me into the training room and told me it would have to be reset," says Boone. "And, lying on the table, I thought that it could mean I'd be out long enough to miss the opening game." He entered the Daniel Freeman Hospital in Inglewood the next night and had the nose rebuilt by Dr. Paul H. Toffel, who did the reconstruction job on Rudy Tomjanovich's nose.

"It was the first time in my life I'd ever been in a hospital," says Boone, "unless you count the time I had to have my stomach pumped. It was the worst feeling of my whole life."

He missed three exhibition games—there it is, the string is *not* technically *perfect—but he was on the floor, masked,* in the Lakers' opener at Philadelphia and has not missed a game since.

"Keeping the string alive is very important to me," Boone said the other day. "If you really love the game you can be proud of the fact that you've taken care of your body to this extent. I've never had a pulled muscle, hamstring, anything like that. You think of playing a whole career and never missing a game... well, *if I play three more seasons after this one,* that would mean 1,154 games. But I always felt, say, from 400 up, that if I had an injury that kept me from playing, I'd just be thankful to have gotten as far as I did. So I really thank God and consider myself lucky as hell." END

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The talker of the town

Directing an upset of Texas, Houston's glib Danny Davis demonstrated that he can pass the word as well as the ball

Danny Davis isn't the strong, silent type. Nor is he a man of few words. When not playing quarterback for the University of Houston, he counsels youths in a drug program and he fills in as a speaker at church functions. And even when he is playing quarterback, Danny Davis talks all the time. He ribs the running backs. He slaps palms with the linemen and he flashes the soul sign, chattering all the while. There is a bit of con in him, Davis admits, but, "I believe in people and then they believe in me."

That was pretty much the game plan last Saturday. Danny Davis & Co. would have to con No. 6-ranked University of Texas to make folks believe that the Cougars deserved to play host in the Cotton Bowl as Southwest Conference champion on New Year's Day.

"We match up pretty evenly," Houston Coach Bill Yeoman said before the game. "But their Johnny (Lam) Jones is a bad news guy and their Lawrence Sampleton isn't anything less. Both can kill you with one big play. But if we can stop them, well, I think we will win."

The game was played in Austin, where the Longhorns had been beaten but twice in the last 56 games. And, sure enough, Tight End Sampleton was held to two catches, only one of importance. Flanker Jones got his hands on the ball just twice and gained only 22 yards. And when it was all over, Houston had upset Texas 10–7. Unless Texas Tech and Rice, the Cougars' last two opponents, perform miracles, Houston will win that coveted berth in the Cotton Bowl.

While it was the Houston defense that roped the Longhorns all afternoon, it was Davis who branded them. Davis is a 48.8% passer and a 30-yard-a-game runner—he is more apt to scamper from sideline to sideline than to head downfield—but it is his convincing fakes, perfectly timed pitches and shrewd reading of keys that make Houston's attack hum. With Davis in charge, the Cougars won 10 games, the SWC title and the Cotton Bowl in 1976. They opened the 1977 season by beating favored UCLA. But a shoulder separation put Davis out for the rest of the year and Houston tumbled to a 6–5 finish.

Cougar fans weren't surprised, the team has run hot and cold for years. In 1967, Houston beat No. 1-ranked Michigan State, then stumbled to three losses. In 1968, the Cougars crushed Tulsa 100–6 one Saturday, and got beat by 20 points at Florida State the next. In 1969, they opened with two losses, then whipped Mississippi State 74–0 and won nine straight. The 10–2 championship season of 1976 had followed a 2–8 clunker in 1975. "It's always something," Yeoman says. "Injuries, lack of depth. Or, when we were an independent, trying to keep everybody up, week after week."

This year the Cougars seemed to be at it again. They opened by losing to Memphis State, now a 4–5 team. They looked only slightly better in overcoming outmanned Utah 42–25. Next Houston stunned 9th-ranked Florida State, 27–21 on the road. A 20–18 squeaker over then-winless Baylor was followed by a 33–0 thrashing of unbeaten Texas A&M. "It wasn't until then that we knew we could play," Yeoman says.

Indeed, Houston had started with a whole bunch of question marks. Recovered from his injury, Davis had to prove himself all over again. Both the starting running backs were new and so were three-fifths of the line. On defense, Yeoman was counting on four returning starters, plus David Hodge, an All-America linebacker in 1976 who had wearied of football and sat out a season before returning to school this fall. Hodge gradually returned to form, and Sam Proctor, who was used sparingly in 1977, and Steve Bradham developed into certified menaces as linebackers. Safety Elvis Bradley, a starter since his first game as a freshman three years ago, was as sound as ever, and soon Yeoman's two sets of ends, tackles and noseguards were playing into shape.

continued

The team now comes equipped with eight healthy linemen whose average weight is 248 pounds, and all of them are quick-footed, especially Hosea Taylor, a 6′ 5″ sophomore who slimmed down from the 295 pounds he weighed last year to 250, and Leonard Mitchell, a 6′ 7″, 260-pounder who also plays basketball for the Cougars.

Still, some critics keep harking back to Houston's on-and-off performances of the past. Others call the university "Cougar High," a jab at its academic standards. They intimate that Cougars aren't recruited, but bought.

The outlaw image centers on the rosters: the same players seem to be listed year after year. There is a reason for this impression. Since Yeoman became coach 17 years ago, redshirting has been commonplace at Houston. The Cougars were independent until 1976, and had difficulty recruiting top players. It was Yeoman's plan to bring in promising kids, then give them a chance to develop. Offensive Line Coach Billy Willingham figures half of his linemen are redshirted each season. "The offense here is a finesse deal," he says. "It's not a mash attack where a freshman might come in and start right off. We play freshmen a little, then redshirt them as sophomores so they have experience to reflect on. Then, if they develop physically, get some school work behind them and improve on technique, we might have them for two years. Redshirting is all in the selling. We encourage it and it sells pretty well." On the current depth chart, 16 players have redshirted at one time or another, including all three quarterbacks.

It may sell, but the players aren't bought. Of Houston's first 44 players, only 24 have some kind of automobile—mostly beat-up—and the rest are known as steppers. Davis is a stepper. So is Hosea Taylor, Houston's most valuable defender and a guy who ought to have a car if anyone does.

"Outlaws? I like being outlaws," Davis says. "For a long time nobody wanted us and now everybody is after us. We must be something to people. When we were nothing, our games weren't sellouts."

A record sellout crowd of 83,053 showed up under smoky skies and a light drizzle for the Texas game. In the first half both teams played cautiously, and neither was able to penetrate the other's 26-yard line. Then came the explosion. On Houston's first possession of the third quarter, Davis—optioning to the left—slid inside left end and dashed 29 yards to the Texas 28. Two plays later he hit Garrett Jurgajtis over the middle with a 25-yard pass to the Texas four.

Earlier in the week, Yeoman had said that he had high expectations for his trap option series. It's tricky business. The idea is to force a linebacker to be responsible for covering the dive play. If he does, it frees a guard to pull and block on the other side of the line. Yeoman's plan was to feed the ball to the dive man several times to keep the linebacker coming; in other words, sacrifice a few plays. Then, with the linebacker in tight, Yeoman would fake the dive and run an option to the opposite side, where the pulling guard would supply an extra blocker. It was this extra block that freed Davis for his run. After the Jurgajtis reception, Randy Love carried twice to the two and then Emmett King swept the right side to give Houston a 7–0 lead. The Cougars capped the quarter with Kenny Hatfield's 33-yard field goal, and it was 10–0.

But Texas finally came to life. Freshman Quarterback Donnie Little marched the Longhorns from their 18 to the Houston 29, mixing passes to Lam Jones and Sampleton with hand-offs to LeRoy King and Kermit Goode. From the 29, Little hit Sampleton for a 28-yard gain to the one-yard mark, and A.J. (Jam) Jones plunged across for Texas' only score.

When it was all over, Davis had a few words to say, as expected. "We're not a great team yet," he said. "But if we get to the Cotton Bowl, then I'll say that this is truly a great team." Danny Davis, who talks a lot, has spoken.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST With 11 seconds left before halftime and the ball at the Penn State two-yard line, North Carolina State Coach Bo Rein decided to go for a field goal. But Running Back Ted Brown argued that the Wolfpack should go for a touchdown. Rein relented. Brown got the ball and the Wolfpack scored to take a 7–3 lead.

Penn State had no kicks with field-goal kicker Matt Bahr. Bahr, who had booted a 33-yarder in the second period, kicked three more in the third from 32, 37 and 30 yards out to put heavily favored Penn State on top 12–7. That gave Bahr 21 field goals in 26 tries this season, and enabled him to tie the NCAA record for three-pointers.

A 42-yard field goal by John Ritter cut the Wolfpack deficit to 12–10 in the fourth quarter. But then the Nittany Lions, the only major unbeaten team, sealed a 19–10 decision when Matt Suhey returned a punt 43 yards for a touchdown. In all, Suhey ran back five punts for 145 yards and rushed for 97 yards. Brown, who ran for 251 yards against Penn State last year, was held to 71 in 22 carries.

If for no other reason than the fact that it would be the last game at crumbling Archbold Stadium, the Navy-Syracuse matchup was bound to be memorable. Archbold, the second-oldest stadium in the nation (Harvard Stadium, built four years earlier in 1903, is the oldest), is to be demolished to make way for a 50,000-seat dome that will open in September of 1980.

As it turned out, the game was well worth remembering, because the Orangemen avoided being the first Syracuse team to go through a season without a win at Archbold. Syracuse stormed to a 14–0 lead in the first period, but the once-beaten Middies retaliated and forged a 17–17 tie in the fourth quarter. The Orangemen got their 20–17 upset on a 30-yard field goal by Dave Jacobs with 2:48 left.

Sophomore Ray (Rooster) Jones and Rick Trocano were at their best as Pittsburgh drubbed visiting West Virginia 52–7. Jones rushed for 169 yards and two touchdowns, while Trocano gained 146 yards through the air as he connected on 13 of 17 passes.

"It's a nightmare," said Boston College Athletic Director William Flynn early in the week as he assessed his team's 0–6 start. But more peaceful sleep seemed in the offing as the Eagles opened up a 24–7 lead in the third period at Army. Then the Cadets woke up and scored the next 22 points to hand BC its seventh defeat, 29–26.

It took some doing but Rutgers won its eighth straight, beating Temple 13–10. A 31-yard field goal by Kennan Startzell with 38 seconds left provided the winning points for the Scarlet Knights.

The passing of Buddy Teevens (16 for 22, 169 yards, one touchdown) and the running of Jeff Dufresne (127 yards, three touchdowns) carried Dartmouth to a 31–21 victory at Brown. The battle for the Ivy League lead was deadlocked at 21–21 in the fourth period when Dufresne dashed eight yards for the go-ahead points. Dave Shula, a sophomore split end for the Big Green and son of Miami Dolphin Coach Don Shula, set a school single-season record of 41 receptions when he caught eight passes for 92 yards. Joe Holland's 189 yards rushing and three touchdowns enabled Cornell to wallop Columbia 35–14. Pennsylvania's Tom Roland, who rushed for 161 yards, was dropped for

continued


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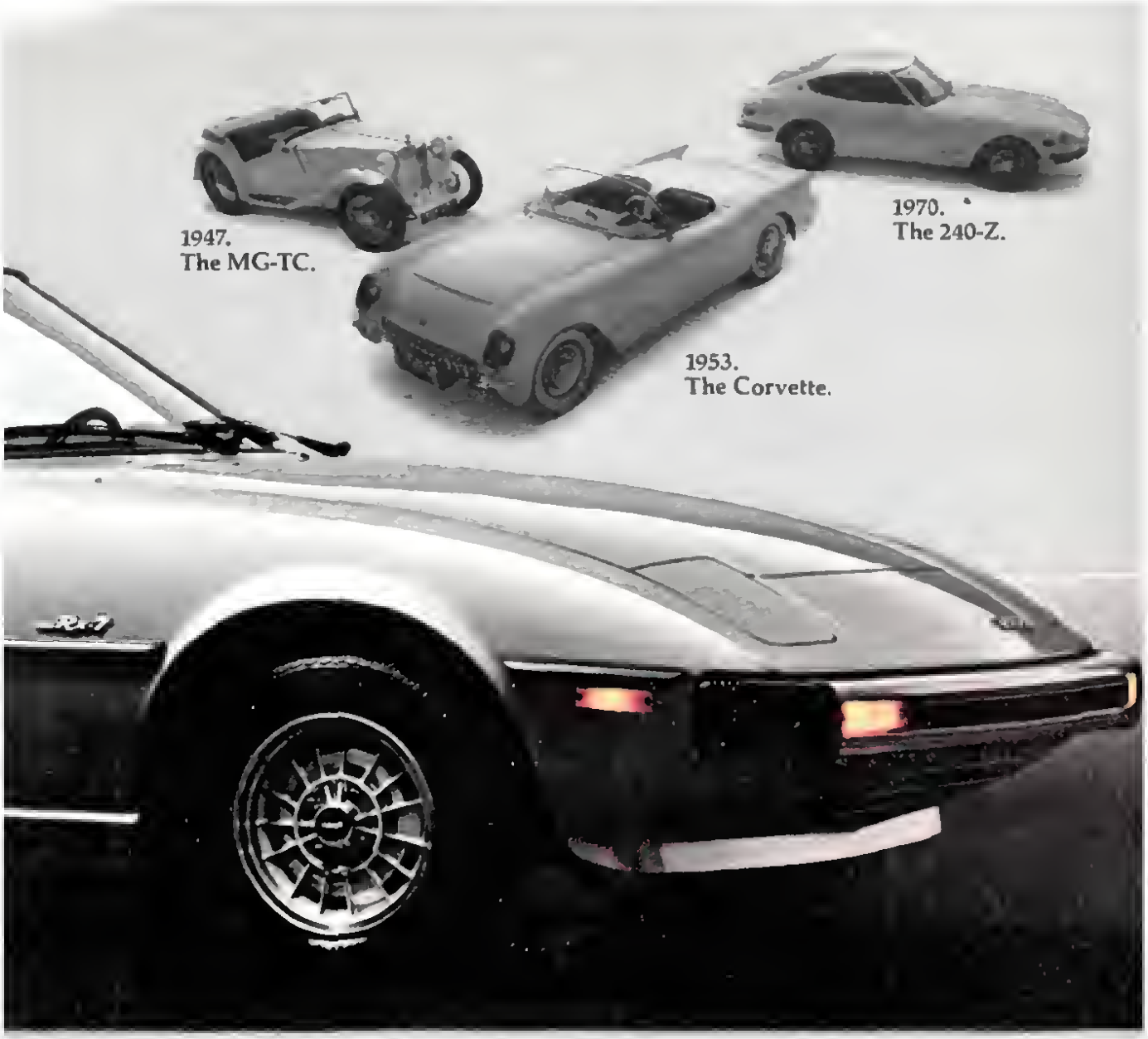
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a nine-yard loss by Harvard Tackle Tim Palmer in the waning seconds of the fourth quarter to snuff out a Quaker threat and preserve the Crimson's 17–13 triumph. Pat O'Brien passed for 235 yards as Yale dumped Princeton 23–7.

Connecticut defeated Boston University 27–20 in a Yankee Conference game. Other conference winners were Massachusetts, which upset Holy Cross 33–8 as Dennis Dent ran for 203 yards, and Maine, which jolted Lehigh 21–18. John Tursky of the Black Bears completed two touchdown passes to Richard Camire in the final seven minutes of the game played in Orono, the second a 34-yarder with 17 seconds remaining.

For the sixth time since the Little Three conference was established in 1910, there is a three-way tie for first as Williams trimmed Amherst 7–2. In previous encounters, Amherst had beaten Wesleyan but the Cardinals had knocked off Williams.

1.PENN STATE (10–0)
2.NAVY(7–2) 3.PITTSBURGH(7–2)

WEST With a 25-mph wind, a temperature of 20°, a wind-chill of −15 and a light snow falling in Falcon Stadium, one thing seemed certain: nobody was going to be able to do much on offense, especially those warm-weather runners from Georgia Tech. So much for certainties. Neither wind, nor cold, nor snow deterred Eddie Lee Ivery as the Rambling Wrecks whipped Air Force 42–21.

When Tech Coach Pepper Rodgers was told that Ivery's 57-yard scoring run in the fourth quarter gave him a shot at the all-time NCAA single-game rushing mark, he let his senior tailback go for it. Ivery, who had also scored on runs of 73 and 80 yards, responded by finishing with 356 yards in 26 carries. That was six yards more than Michigan State's Eric Allen ran for against Purdue in 1971.

In spite of the weather, there were other notable offensive statistics. Tech's Ray Friday scored twice and ran for 115 yards. And three Falcons amassed impressive numbers of their own, Shelby Ball rushing for 107 yards, and Dave Ziebart completing 18 of 41 passes for 281 yards and two touchdowns, both scored by Cormac Carney. Altogether, Carney latched on to 11 passes for 204 yards and his two TDs gave him a total of eight, an NCAA freshman record.

In Corvallis, Ore., where the skies were clear and the temperature 41°, Oregon State darkened UCLA's day with a *15–13* upset. The tenacious Beaver defenders allowed the Bruins only 45 yards and two first downs in the second half. With the score 10–10, UCLA intercepted a pass at the State 26-yard line in the third period, but the best the Bruins could do was go ahead by three on a 35-yard field goal by Peter Boermeester.

Beaver Punter John Misko bottled up UCLA early in the fourth quarter by kicking out of bounds inside the Bruin one-yard line. Unable to move the ball on three plays, UCLA's Matt McFarland stepped out of the end zone while attempting to punt, giving Oregon State a safety. That narrowed UCLA's lead to one point. Although McFarland now had a free kick, it turned out to be a costly one, traveling only to midfield and being returned seven yards. Then, on a fourth and one from the Bruin 34, Tim Sim gained two yards to keep the Beavers moving. When they stalled, Kieron Walford came in to try a 36-yard field goal. The ball slipped off the kicking tee, but Walford nonetheless booted a line drive between the uprights for the decisive points. In the closing minutes, the Beavers intercepted a pass, enabling State to retain its lead. Linebacker Kent Peyton, who stole the pass, bedeviled the Bruins throughout the game by recovering a fumble and making nine unassisted tackles.

UCLA's loss left the Bruins tied with USC, which it will meet this week in a showdown for the Pac-10 title and a trip to the Rose Bowl. Playing amid thunder and heavy rain in Los Angeles, USC decked Washington 28–10. "There was no footing to speak of," said Trojan Fullback Lynn Cain, who sloshed through the middle 25 times for 128 yards. "You had to run flat-footed instead of on the balls of your feet, and you had to be sure to plant your feet well." The Huskies led 3–0 going into the second quarter. All season the Trojans had dominated the second period, outscoring opponents 82–6. They continued this mastery to go in front 21–3 at halftime. When Cain was not slamming through the middle, Quarterback Paul McDonald was gaining yardage through the air, hitting on 12 of 16 passes—10 of them in a row—for 192 yards and two touchdowns.

"I had a whole new passing offense we never used today," said Arizona Coach Tony Mason. The reason he delayed its debut was a 15-mph wind and a high temperature of 41° at Oregon. That was almost 50° colder than the temperature in which the Wildcats had been practicing at home. Mason's revised game plan was to "just put two hands on the ball and run right at 'em." Only once did the Wildcats throw, and the pass was incomplete. "Running at 'em," Larry Heater gained 193 yards and Hubert Oliver 141, as the Wildcats ground out a 24–3 decision.

There were 20,000 no-shows at wind-whipped and rainy Arizona State, where Stanford's Steve Dils established a conference record for touchdown passes in a single season, throwing his 20th and 21st as the Cardinals came out on top 21–14. Dils hit on 11 of 20 for 153 yards, and with Jim Brown ripping off 108 yards on the ground the Cardinals built an 18–0 advantage which the Sun Devils couldn't overcome.

A 15-point second period and 232 yards rushing by Paul Jones was enough to give California a 22–14 victory over Washington State. A 75-yard scoring run by Ray Williams and Jack Thompson's 14th touchdown pass of the season were not enough for the Cougars.

Despite the first snow of the season in Provo, Utah and despite winding up with minus five yards rushing, Brigham Young beat San Diego State 21–3 to lock up the WAC championship and a berth in the Holiday Bowl in San Diego.

Also clinching a title was Northern Arizona, which took a 31–17 lead over defending Big Sky champ Boise State and prevailed for a 31–30 verdict. Allan Clark of the victorious Lumberjacks gained 250 yards and broke loose on scoring runs of 87 and 53 yards. Morris Bledsoe threw five touchdown passes as Weber State shocked Utah State 44–25 in frigid and windswept Logan. All told, Bledsoe connected on 25 of 34 for 320 yards. Ten of those passes, three of them for six-pointers, were caught by Randy Jordan.

Larry Worman of Nevada-Reno also passed for five touchdowns. Undismayed by a snowstorm in Reno, Worman made good on 14 of 26 passes for 286 yards as the Wolfpack won 50–7.

San Jose State trailed visiting Pacific University 28–7 before rallying for a 33–31 victory. Ed Luther's five-yard touchdown pass to Rick Parma on the game's last play gained the win and a tie with Utah State for first place in the Pacific Coast AA.

1.USC (8–1)
2.UCLA (8–2) 3.STANFORD (6–4)

SOUTHWEST At 6'2" and 240 pounds it would seem little could scare James Hadnot of Texas Tech. Hadnot, though, admits he was frightened of being shifted from tight end to running back, a position he had come to dislike while in high school in Jasper, Tex. "It was a real fear," says teammate Brian Nelson, "and he always promised that if he was shifted to the backfield he'd be on the next bus out to Jasper."

Five days into this season's practice, Coach Rex Dockery moved Hadnot to running back, because, "I had no one else who could play there." Hadnot didn't head for the bus station, however. Overcoming his fears that he "wouldn't handle the position well enough to keep it," Hadnot has become the Southwest Conference's leading rusher. During a 27–17 victory at Texas Christian, the hard-running junior scored on a 23-yard run and picked up 166 in 26 carries. That left him with 1,029 yards, just 40 short of Doug McCutchen's team rushing record.

Quite a few teams have padded their statistics at Rice's expense. Last week it was Southern Methodist's turn and Emanuel Tol-

continued

bert, Mike Ford, Darold Turner and Eddie Garcia went to town as the Mustangs trampled the Owls 58–0. Tolbert scored on a 69-yard pass from Ford, and gained 179 yards on seven receptions, raising his season's totals to 54 catches, 10 for touchdowns. Ford's 18-for-29 passing netted 315 yards. Turner scored on four short runs, Garcia booted three field goals and the defense recovered three fumbles and made four interceptions.

Arkansas thundered to a 27–0 lead at Baylor behind the running of Ben Cowins (110 yards) and the passing of Ron Calcagni (seven for 10 for 116 yards). Baylor stymied itself by losing the ball seven times on fumbles and interceptions. In the last three games, the Bears have turned over the ball 21 times. Two late scoring passes by Steve Smith merely made Baylor more respectable 27–14 losers to the Razorbacks.

Three touchdown runs by George Yates and 194 yards passing by Keith Thibodeaux helped Louisiana Tech to a 24–10 triumph over Arkansas State. That guaranteed the Bulldogs at least a share of the Southland Conference title and a berth in the Independence Bowl on Dec. 16.

1.HOUSTON (8–1)
2.TEXAS (6–2) 3.ARKANSAS (6–2)

SOUTH An old ploy and a stubborn defense enabled Georgia to win 24–22 at Florida. The Bulldogs' final touchdown came on a similar play that had knocked the Gators out of the Southeastern Conference championship three years ago, a flanker pass, this time a 44-yarder from Anthony Arnold to Lindsay Scott. That put Georgia in front 24–10, and Florida just couldn't make up the deficit. A victory over Auburn this week would assure the Bulldogs at least a first-place tie with Alabama in the Southeastern Conference and a Sugar Bowl spot, because 'Bama spent New Year's Day 1978 in New Orleans.

Alabama kept its Sugar Bowl hopes alive with a 31–10 triumph over Louisiana State, which had an 80-yard scoring run called back because of a clip and a field goal nullified by an illegal-formation penalty. Alabama rallied to score after both those misplays, first on a 29-yard run by Quarterback Steadman Shealy and then on a one-yard plunge by Major Ogilvie. The Tide held Charles Alexander to 46 yards in 14 carries.

In other SEC contests, Kentucky steam-rollered Vanderbilt 53–2, and Auburn downed Mississippi State 6–0 on a pair of field goals by Jorge Portela. Mississippi defeated outsider Tulane 13–3.

Clemson and Maryland labored for wins to set up this week's clash for the Atlantic Coast title. The Tigers bumped off North Carolina 13–9, Lester Brown carrying on eight of 11 plays during an 80-yard scoring drive. He climaxed the fourth-quarter march by barging over from one yard out. Maryland Quarterback Tim O'Hare, who came into the game at Virginia with minus 81 yards rushing for the season, ran for 102 yards as the Terps won 17–7. O'Hare also passed for 222 yards to set a school record of 324 yards in total offense.

Florida State's Homes Johnson was glad his mother had talked him out of quitting the team a few weeks earlier when he was not playing well. Johnson ran for 152 yards and a touchdown as the Seminoles fought back from a 14–3 deficit to beat Virginia Tech 24–14.

1.ALABAMA (9–1)
2.GEORGIA (8–1) 3.MARYLAND (9–1)

MIDWEST Wisconsin, outscored 146–16 in the past three weeks, figured to be a pushover for Purdue on its way to the Rose Bowl. But the Badgers, behind 24–6 in the fourth period, pulled out a 24–24 tie. Helping the Boilermakers build their big lead was Mark Herrmann, who was on target with 18 of 29 passes for 262 yards and two touchdowns. Rallying Wisconsin was Mike Kalasmiki, whose 31-yard scoring pass to Wayne Souza brought the Badgers up to 24–13. Then, after a 10-yard Purdue punt, Steve Veith kicked a 32-yard field goal to make it 24–16. Resurgent Wisconsin next blocked a punt and recovered the ball at the Purdue 12. Twice more Kalasmiki delivered, firing a three-yard TD pass to David Charles with 25 seconds left and then a game-tying two-point conversion pass to Souza.

Tied for second place in the Big Ten race are Michigan, Ohio State and Michigan State, all easy winners. With Rick Leach running for three touchdowns and passing for two more, Michigan stomped Northwestern 59–14. Leach thus set an NCAA record by having taken part in 75 TDs during his four-year career. A 31-point second-half spurt led Ohio State past Illinois 45–7. Art Schlichter running seven, seven and five yards for scores, and hitting on nine of 15 passes for 109 yards. Minnesota was flattened 33–9 by Michigan State as Ed Smith completed 26 of 42 passes for 296 yards. Hauling in eight of Smith's passes for 122 yards was Kirk Gibson; another six were caught by Eugene Byrd, who turned two of them into touchdowns. Indiana overwhelmed Iowa 34–14.

While Nebraska wrested the Big Eight lead from Oklahoma (*page 22*), Kansas State, Iowa State and Missouri also picked up conference victories. Kansas State was expected to be outmanned by visiting Colorado, so it was no surprise that the Wildcats trailed 10–0 at halftime. But things didn't follow form after that, as State came on to astonish the Buffaloes 20–10. Charlie Green, who on Friday became the father of a baby boy, ignited the comeback by running 73 yards for the Wildcats' first punt-return touchdown since 1970. L. J. Brown, who rushed for 138 yards, topped off the Kansas State surge with a 30-yard TD run. Another Green, Iowa State's Dexter, scored on two short runs for a 28–15 win at Oklahoma State. At halftime of the Kansas-at-Missouri contest, a fan ran through the Jayhawk band while it was performing. After knocking down a couple of the musicians, he was tackled by a tuba player. The Jayhawks could have used a few tuba players against the Tigers, who gained 552 yards while winning 48–0. Missouri's James Wilder ran for 160 yards, and Earl Gant for 134 as he scored a team-record four touchdowns.

Linebackers Bob Golic and Steve Heimkreiter each took part in 17 tackles as Notre Dame dumped Tennessee 31–14. The Irish, trailing 7–6 at halftime, scored 18 points within nine minutes in the third period, blocking a punt, returning a kick 46 yards and then recovering a fumble to set up their scores.

Ball State's defenders, No. 1 in the country in total defense (199.8 yards a game) and scoring (6.1 points), and No. 2 in rushing defense (92.7 yards), decided to concentrate on stopping Western Michigan's Jerome Persell. In the past two seasons, Persell had gained a total of 409 yards against State. But this time the Cardinal Crush defense held him to 47 yards in 17 carries, his lowest total ever, and gave up only 99 yards passing and 46 rushing, all told. Despite that and a 14–6 lead, Ball State had to hold on for a 20–14 win and the No. 1 spot in the Mid-American Conference.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Eddie Lee Ivery, a senior running back for Georgia Tech, ran for an NCAA-record 356 yards and scored three touchdowns as the Yellow Jackets defeated Air Force 42–21 for their seventh win in nine games.

DEFENSE: Dave Ahrens, a 6′ 3″, 216-pound sophomore linebacker for Wisconsin, gave a homecoming crowd of 78,986 plenty to cheer about, making 14 solo tackles and assisting on four more as the Badgers tied Purdue 24–24.

Allen Harvin, Cincinnati's 5′ 9″, 190-pound block-buster, became the 10th freshman in NCAA history to rush for 1,000 yards. Harvin picked up 132 yards for a season total of 1,002 as the Bearcats beat Ohio University 35–0. For Harvin, the only freshman among the top 50 Division I-A runners, it was his third straight 100-yard-plus game.

Rick VanEss ran for 109 yards and scored twice as Grand Valley (Mich.) State won the Great Lakes Conference title by defeating Wayne State 24–10.

1.NEBRASKA (9–1)
2.OKLAHOMA (9–1) 3.MICHIGAN (8–1)


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Not major, but big enough

Club pros—353 of them—came to Georgia for a tournament that reawakened the old anguish of the tour for many but made a winner of a cool Connecticut putter

Among the southern pines in Georgia a select group of the nation's finest golfers played a tournament last week before a gallery of hardly anybody. The contestants were club professionals that breed of men who are part caddy tutors congressmen and sweater salesmen.

In the humorous sport the club pros compete in effect on the other side of mid-night. They are the 8,200 Class A members of the Professional Golfers Association. They clean up the driving ranges punch their cash registers and explain the intricacies of the 9-Hole Blind Bogey. If they are lucky they have an autographed picture of Jack Nicklaus on the wall.

But once each year they dust off their clubs and play the game the way they once dreamed it would be. Last week at Callaway Gardens, a charming resort near the community of Pine Mountain, 353 players entered the PGA National Club Pro Championship, a 72-hole event worth $120,000 in prize money and an incalculable amount in self-esteem.

Few of the club pros ever thought it would be quite this way. Where once they had envisioned studying a three-footer for the U.S. Open title, their opposition turned out to be the hardware store selling cut-rate clubs. Somewhere along the way golf became a job. Hampton Auld, a 37-year-old professional from Charleston, W. Va., summed it up on his entry blank. For college attended he wrote, "Hard Knocks U."

But more than just a smattering of the players in the club pro tournament were once on the tour, and the entry list was dotted with those who at one stage of their lives had found themselves talking to their drivers on the back nine at Pebble Beach or Doral. In fact, in the 11 years of the event, only one man has won the title who has not had at least a nodding acquaintance with courtesy cars and marshals. Roger Watson also is the only fellow to win the tournament twice.

"I never had any idea what I was doing when I was winning the tournament in 1974 and '75," said Watson. He did, however, have a good idea of what the pro circuit would be like and decided while in college to skip it. "Besides, the top five club pros in the country make between $150,000 and $200,000," says the 36-year-old Cary, N.C., club pro. Which is a lot of alpaca.

If golf is cruel, then the pro circuit is absolutely perverse. Consider:

• Jim Ferrell, who was a forgotten struggler at the 1967 U.S. Open at Baltusrol. Playing last during one round, he and his partner found themselves so far behind Nicklaus, Palmer and the rest of the action and so far out of things that occasionally a wandering fan would ask, "Are you guys members?" Last week on the eve of the club pro event, Ferrell said, "You're either a has-been or a never-was here. I'm a never-was."

• Herb Hooper. Ten years ago, after a round of the Memphis Open, Hooper pulled his car onto the driving range an hour after sunset and his wife, Holly, ran out into the field with a shag bag. Back in the darkness, Herb would hit a shot, Holly would cock an ear, listen for the ball, then run over and pick it up. A passerby, observing this odd scene, asked the panting woman her husband's name. She replied in one breathless run-on sentence, "HerbHooperhefinished-third-atMaracaibo." (And 10 years later he missed the cut at Callaway.)

Still the tour is hard to give up. When Ferrell finally quit in 1975, after seven years, he couldn't bear to watch golf on television. Now he is 36 years old and enjoys his job at the Crooked Stick Club in Indianapolis. In 1976 he tied for second in the club pro event, earning a berth on the nine-man PGA Cup Match team that plays an annual series with Great Britain-Ireland. Another bonus in the tournament is that the low 25 finishers qualify for the PGA Championship. This year, however, Ferrell was a has-been. He also missed the cut.

To be eligible for the club pro, I play

continued



Herb Hooper, who once had his moment at Maracaibo, didn't make the cut at Callaway Gardens.

er must be a PGA member and not have played in more than 12 tour events in the previous year. Thus there were such diverse entries as Dow Finsterwald, who was once a name on the circuit and now is at the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs and a candidate for treasurer of the PGA. Also on hand was Jim King, who is best remembered for the trouble he had several years ago with a double bogey and a PGA official on the same hole: he took an interlocking grip on the neck of the official after the official told him he was playing too slowly. King was suspended from the tour and got a club job in Orlando, Fla., where, he says, "I try to play not more than once a day." And at his own pace. At Callaway Gardens, both golfers made the 54-hole cut, although neither challenged for the lead.

To stay up there at Callaway Gardens, a player has to be consistent because the tournament is played over three courses, none of which have much in common except for their last name. The Mountain View and Gardens View layouts play to a par of 72, while the shorter and infinitely more constricted Lake View has a par of 70 and is considered a lollipop. The idea is to make your score on the Lake, pick up what you can at the Gardens and hold on at the treacherous Mountain, where the qualifiers gather for the final round Sunday.

Because the tournament is played during the resort's off-season and gets what might gently be termed minimal publicity, there is no need for gallery ropes. The biggest audience each day occurs when the pros gather around the scoreboard to determine their positions.

For a time on Saturday, Larry Ringer was enjoying the view. He was leading the tournament, which was rather remarkable because he has a bad back and in a round will occasionally grab on to a tree limb and hang from it. Still, he had shot 69–67–70—206, eight under par. Ringer is the club pro at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md. He quit the tour in 1975 after two years of "no fun." No fun is never finishing higher than 16th.

Ringer's advantage was fashioned by virtue of his remarkable mastery of the Mountain course on Friday when he made seven birdies, usually a week's work for him. Asked if he felt any pressure in going for the $17,000 first prize, Ringer said, "If I win here tomorrow, it will double my salary. I felt the pressure all day." I feel it right now."

But by day's end, Ringer had dropped back to third as Jim Ferree and Jay Overton both came in with sub-par rounds. Ferree is a transplanted North Carolinian now living in Pittsburgh who speaks in the cadences normally associated with a Southern plantation owner. He had a 68 on Lake View for 204, while Overton, a former small-college champion, came out of nowhere with a 67 on the Mountain course for 205.

Ferree's performance made a prophet out of Roger Watson, who a day earlier had figured out that "Lord Jim" was actually leading the tournament because he already had played the Mountain course while those ahead of him had not. In fact, of the top 11 after Friday's round,



Finsterwald, 1958 PGA champ, came in 31st

seven had not played the Mountain course. On Saturday none of them shot better than 72, and one, Bob Leaver, who led after two rounds, fell to a 77.

Although Ferree won four tour events during his vagabond years, his explosive putting stroke made his traveling companion, a spaniel named Blue, howl with anguish. During the first two rounds at Callaway Gardens, Ferree was predictably perfect from tee to green, creasing the hard fairways with what he called "my fine drives. They roll a lot." He made only two bogeys, both when his putter misfired, and spent most of his time explaining, in his gentle Southern tones, why he was playing so well.

Saturday, on the Lake View course, Ferree meandered through the first nine holes, looking over his shoulder at the scoreboard, and made the turn in even par, then bagged three birdies before running into another three-putt green on the last hole.

Of course, few of the players at Callaway Gardens are miracle workers on the greens; otherwise, as Ferree noted, "We wouldn't be here. I don't see anybody named Jack Nicklaus."

A classic example was Dean Refram, who began Sunday's final round tied for fourth place at 208. Refram was one of the first tour players to putt croquet style. He was a fine striker of the ball, and for the one year (1967) he putted between his legs, he seemed to have solved his travails on the greens. The next year croquet putting was outlawed on the grounds of dignity—and Refram was on his way to the pro shop.

On Sunday Ferree went out to win a tournament he had dedicated to Blue, who was back sleeping in the car. Ferree, however, kept the muzzle on his putter, making only one putt over four feet. By the 13th hole, he and his playing companion, John Gentile, were deadlocked. Gentile is a 31-year-old pro out of Bridgeport, Conn., who had started the day four strokes back at 208 but was now sinking putt after putt without cracking a smile. Gentile's aim is to maintain a calm demeanor—what he calls "coping with reality"—and when he sank a 50-footer for an eagle on the 11th hole, his breath would not have fogged a mirror. The two finished the 72 holes tied at 276, 10 under.

In the sudden-death playoff, beneath a rising moon, Gentile first almost holed a 40-yard wedge shot, skirting a bunker and stopping the ball 18 inches from the cup. Finsterwald later told him that it might have been the greatest shot he'd ever seen.

Then on the next hole, a par-5, Ferree was contemplating a birdie, having chipped to within 30 inches, when Gentile exploded from a bunker and made a six-foot birdie putt. That was too much reality for Ferree, who missed his short putt and instantly recalled why he left the tour those many years ago. Golf on the other side of midnight may be cruel, but at least you don't have to play again next week. **END**

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A winter of discontent heats up

Thousand Islanders are up in arms about what they call a multibillion-dollar boondoggle by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, a project the Corps claims will keep the St. Lawrence open for year-round navigation

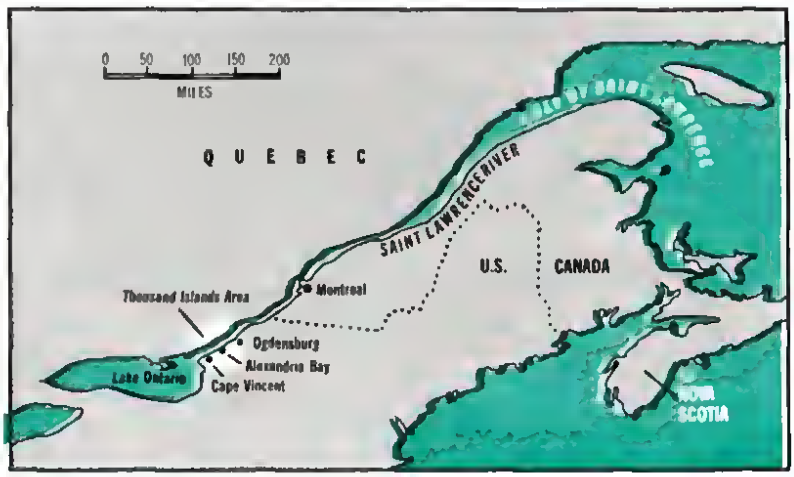
Will the St. Lawrence, which is one of the most productive rivers in North America and justly famed for its duck hunting and muskie and bass fishing, be gutted? Will the spectacularly beautiful Thousand Islands be destroyed as a resort area? Will the economy of New York's North Country collapse because of "man-made" icebergs, shipwrecks, oil spills and power brownouts? Is the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers attempting a multibillion-dollar boondoggle? These are some of the questions currently being debated in a St Lawrence River war that is likely to spread throughout the rest of the Great Lakes system. Indeed, the Michigan United Conservation Clubs, 100,000 members strong, already have charged that the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service is eager to sell out to the Corps in exchange for $50 million in research grants.

The central issue in this bitter controversy is winter navigation on the river, which is a section of the 2,432-mile-long St. Lawrence Seaway and is ice-bound from December to April. The Corps and the St. Lawrence Seaway Development Corporation, a division of the U.S. Department of Transportation, want to test the practicability of keeping the river open in the winter. Their opponents are an unlikely lot of bedfellows, including as they do the Power Authority of the State of New York, the National Audubon Society, Ontario Hydro, local businessmen and property owners who have formed the Save the River Committee, the New York State departments of Commerce and Environmental Conservation, Governor Hugh Carey and the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources

It sounds crazy to wage a war over ice. What harm could possibly be done by running a couple of vessels up and down a 15-mile test stretch of the river? A lot, contend opponents, who say that the Corps hasn't done its homework on what could happen as a result. Moreover, they assert that the testing, innocent as it sounds, is in truth just the first step in a massive plan to deepen and widen the St. Lawrence for year-round shipping, to the detriment of the Thousand Islands' $48-million-a-year tourist industry. Although the Corps has yet to provide a full description of the project, opponents say that some of the Thousand Islands would have to be dynamited to widen and straighten the existing ship channel through them and that 84 million cubic yards of river bottom would have to be dredged. Dredging would endanger fish

continued





To break the ice, a tug and freighter will ply a stretch of the St. Lawrence near Ogdensburg

and waterfowl by modifying habitats and releasing toxic chemicals and heavy metals now bound up in bottom sediments.

Moreover, disposal of the dredge spoil, which would cover an area 335 feet high, 40 feet wide and 32 miles long, presents a considerable problem. There is also concern about the possibility of wrecks and oil spills. Blizzards, which are not infrequent in the area, can cause "whiteouts," in which it is impossible to navigate properly, and there is no way known to clean up oil flowing beneath ice.

Completed in 1958 by the U.S. and Canada, the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes Seaway, which opened the North American interior to ocean shipping, was supposed to be a profitable undertaking. Instead it has been a bust. The initial estimates for tonnage were far too high, while the operation and maintenance estimates were far too low. According to the original figuring, operation and maintenance were supposed to cost $88.6 million by 1976. Instead, the cost was $298 million. Last year the Canadians wrote off $842 million in Seaway debts, and in 1970 the U.S. wrote off $22.4 million in unpaid interest charges and freed the St. Lawrence Development Corporation from further interest payments. But no matter how much of a loser the Seaway has been, Congress has continued to supply money to it. In addition, in the last eight years the Corps has received $16 million to study the practicability of winter navigation.

Three studies originally scheduled for submission to Congress next year are involved. One is to determine the insurability of ships navigating through the ice. A second is supposed to survey the economic, social and environmental consequences of winter navigation. The third study, the Demonstration Program, consists of a variety of investigations by means of which the Corps hopes to extend the commercial navigation season in the entire Seaway system. Part of the Demonstration Program calls for an ice-breaking tug and a 730-foot lake freighter to run up and down a 15-mile stretch of the St. Lawrence near Ogdensburg, N.Y., a maximum of 438 times. The Demonstration Program also calls for the Seaway Development Corporation to create 225-foot-wide navigation gaps in two booms, which are used to stabilize river ice to maintain flows for power generation, and to put 18 new ice-stabilizing structures in the river. The Power Authority contends that the gaps, which would allow the passage of ships, would also allow ice to move through, jam power plant intakes and alter water flow velocity.

The Seaway Development Corporation has spent $1.5 million to construct a 422-foot-long scale model of the stretch of the St. Lawrence that is to be used for the Demonstration Program. This model is not set up in the North Country, however, but in a shed at the Howard County Fairgrounds in Maryland. David C. N. Robb, the Seaway's Director of Comprehensive Planning, says of this unlikely location, "The model lets us create a wide variety of river and ice conditions at will and at very little expense." Still, data obtained from the model has been seriously questioned. As a matter of fact, the Seaway Development Corporation has yet to respond to criticisms on flow rates and wind conditions made by Gunther Frankenstein, chief of the Ice Engineering Branch of the Corps' own Cold Regions Research Laboratory.

Last August a group known as the Winter Navigation Board approved the continuation of the Demonstration Program by an 8-to-5 vote. Composed of representatives of government agencies and shipping interests, the board was created by the Corps and while it includes such members as the Port of Toledo and the Marine Engineers Beneficial Association, it has no representation at all from New York. Barry Freed of Fineview, N.Y., a TV scriptwriter who serves as the volunteer publicity man for the Save the River committee, asks, "Why not add the Port of Oswego, which with other New York ports would lose money because they would be bypassed? Why not property owners along the St. Lawrence? There is not one single representative on the board who lives within 500 miles of the Thousand Islands, the area that will be hurt most."

Last winter Dr. James Geis of the State University of New York College of Environmental Science and Forestry directed a study for the Department of Environmental Conservation to assess the probable impact of the Demonstration Program on the St. Lawrence. As a result of the study, the DEC now opposes the test on three main grounds: toxic chemicals in the sediments at the boom sites could be stirred up by the installation and movements of the booms' anchors during the tests; pressure waves generated beneath the ice by the test vessels would cause extensive damage to shoreline property and structures, and, finally, there would be disruption of fish and wildlife habitats, including those of wintering bald eagles (an endangered species) that feed at open water pools, which would become iced over.

Before the DEC assessment was published, the regional offices of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in Minneapolis and Newton Corners, Mass., were curiously ambivalent about the Corps' project. In fact, last July 7 Howard N. Larsen, the regional director in Newton Corners, wrote the Corps that "the Demonstration project will not jeopardize the continued existence of the Bald Eagle." But in his very next sentence, Larsen

continued

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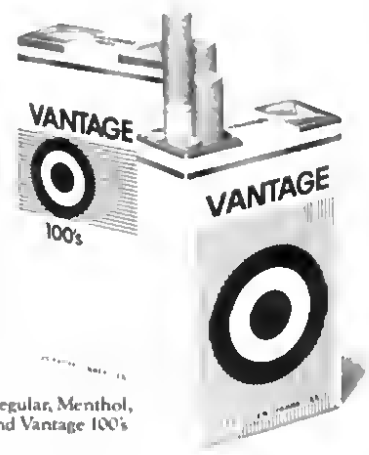
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wrote, "We are interested in obtaining information about the impact of the project on those wintering eagles."

According to Wayne Schmidt, staff ecologist of the Michigan United Conservation Clubs, the Fish and Wildlife Service has agreed to go along with the Corps on winter navigation on the whole Seaway system merely to obtain $50 million in research grants, which, according to projections, will become available because the Corps will need additional data from Fish and Wildlife as the project progresses. "The $50 million is being held out as the carrot for the service," Schmidt says. Noting that standard practice calls for intensive study of a project when it is proposed, not when it is under construction, Schmidt says, "The Corps is saying, 'Give us approval now, and you can study the environmental impact as we go along, and if we discover any adverse impacts, we may stop.' There's a nice bureaucratic catch phrase for this: 'Programmatic approach with a reversibility mechanism.' That is totally absurd. Nobody believes that the Corps will make a huge investment and then stop in its tracks if something is wrong. The DEC report alerted us to what could happen. Demonstrations of winter navigation on the St. Mary's River [between Lakes Superior and Huron] began four years ago, and winter shipping has become a fact even though it has not been authorized on a permanent basis. I'm now getting too many letters from members who are saying the fishery isn't what it used to be, and it's one of the greatest in Michigan. Now the Corps is talking about putting a whole lot of new booms and dams on the St. Clair and Detroit rivers, but they don't call them dams. They call them 'compensating works.' "

Not until last summer did the Corps unveil the Demonstration Program to the public along the St. Lawrence. The Corps was booed roundly at a packed five-hour meeting in the village of Alexandria Bay. It was also denounced almost unanimously at a meeting in Ogdensburg, where George Griebenow of the Fish and Wildlife Service spoke up on behalf of the Corps. "It was embarrassing," says a local resident. "Instead of defending our resources, Griebenow talked about using the river as a navigation channel because Midwest grain had to get out."

In September the Seaway Development Corporation applied to the Corps for a permit to modify the booms with gaps and to install ice stabilizers. So far, the Corps has not even ruled whether there will be a public hearing on the application. New York State argues that additional permits would be required from the DEC and that Canada's assent is also needed. The Save the River Committee has found discrepancies between the Seaway's application to the Corps and the Corps' own public notice of the project. "I'm 50 years old and I belong to the Establishment," says Mrs. Bea Schermerhorn, a marina owner on Chippewa Bay and former chairwoman of the committee. "I try to work through channels, but I want a straight deal. This fight has just begun." **END**

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The pass is prologue

Things are looking up in Seattle, where the Zorn-to-Largent aerial circus has made the Seahawks a worthy opponent

Greater Seattle has not conducted a formal poll on the subject, but there is little doubt that the chief topic of conversation these days among bartenders from Puyallup to Bremerton, and among the beer drinkers in downtown Sedro-Woolley, concerns a pair of teetotalers named Jim Zorn and Steve Largent. They play quarterback and wide receiver, respectively, for the Seattle Seahawks, and while Zorn to Largent may not have the ring of Unitas to Berry, they are working on it.

Zorn to Largent is one of the most devastating passing combinations in the NFL, and the two Seahawks are the principal reason why Seattle's football fans seem to be walking around with their heads somewhere in the clouds above Mount Rainier. Zorn to Largent—it's sounding better every minute—produced four completions for 57 yards last Sunday in the sold-out Kingdome while the Seahawks were being upset by the Baltimore Colts 17–14.

Largent has caught 46 Zorn passes for 793 yards and five touchdowns this season. For his part, southpaw Zorn, who threw for 119 yards against Baltimore, now leads the AFC in passing yardage with 2,246 and trails NFL leader Roger Staubach by only 152 yards. In addition, Zorn also has rushed for 269 yards.

Thanks primarily to Zorn-to-Largent, Seattle has rapidly become the NFL's model expansion franchise. In their first year, 1976, the Seahawks won two games—two more than expansion-brother Tampa Bay won—and in 1977 they had a 5–9 record, winning more games than Kansas City, Buffalo, Green Bay, New Orleans, Tampa Bay and the New York Jets. This season Seattle has a 5–6 record, with victories over such teams as Oakland and Minnesota. And two of Seattle's losses—to Denver and Baltimore—were by the margin of a field goal.

When the Seahawks routed the Raiders 27–7 in Seattle last month, they intercepted four Ken Stabler passes and treated the Raiders so rudely that Oakland Guard Gene Upshaw announced, "Y'all can quit calling those guys an expansion team. They ain't that anymore."

On the whole, the Seahawks hardly seem characteristic of any football team. They are heavy into Bible study, prayer, hospital visits and off-season charity basketball games. Coach Jack Patera has yet to face a disciplinary problem. And if Zorn is any example, the Seahawks are a very unpretentious group, the quarterback owns a 1955 Bentley coupe but prefers to drive a '72 Volkswagen with 96,000 miles on the odometer, and he appears in only one TV commercial—for Sam's Tire Service.

Patera, an old linebacker who coached Minnesota's defensive line for seven seasons before Seattle hired him in 1976, and General Manager John Thompson, who came to Seattle via the front office of the Minnesota Vikings and the NFL's Management Council, have built the Seahawks on a solid base. They already have discarded 32 of the 39 players Seattle was forced to take in the 1976

continued



There's little Jim Zorn can't do with a football



Steve Largent, whose trademark is craftiness, not speed, came to the Seahawks stamped as a reject

expansion draft, going instead with young draft choices. Both the coach and the GM were criticized last year when, in a complicated maneuver, Seattle gave up the draft rights to Tony Dorsett in exchange for three high-round selections, but now they are receiving applause for the deal. They used the Dallas picks to draft Guard Tom Lynch, Offensive Tackle Steve August and Middle Linebacker Terry Beeson—and all are starters.

Also selected in the draft were Seattle's two durable running backs—6′ 4″, 225-pound Sherman Smith, who ripped through the Chicago Bears for a club record of 152 yards two weeks ago, and 6′ 3″, 216-pound David Sims, who leads the AFC with 10 touchdowns, including both Seattle TDs against Baltimore, and has rushed for more than 100 yards in one game three times this season. In all, 19 of the 45 Seahawks are Seattle draft choices.

Statistics aside, the 25-year-old Zorn and the 24-year-old Largent may well be the biggest bargains ever acquired by an expansion franchise in any sport. Zorn and Largent found one another late in the summer of 1976 when Seattle was shuttling dozens of players through its first training camp. Both bore the stamp of "reject."

In 1973 Zorn led the nation's small colleges in total offense as a running quarterback for Cal Poly of Pomona, but he was ignored by every NFL team in the 1975 draft. Signed later that year as a free agent by Dallas, he was the Cowboys' last cut as Dallas had to make room on its roster for newly acquired Running Back Preston Pearson. Zorn subsequently signed with Seattle before the expansion draft.

Largent, who relies more on guileful moves than burning speed to get open, led the nation in touchdown pass receptions his last two years at Tulsa, then was drafted in the fourth round in 1976 by Houston. The Oilers paid little notice to him in camp, however, writing him off as being too slow. Jerry Rhome, now the club's offensive coordinator, was the coach of Seattle's quarterbacks and receivers that season. He had been an assistant at Tulsa when Largent was catching all those TD passes, and Rhome no doubt saw another Howard Twilley in him. Rhome broke 16 NCAA passing records when he played for Tulsa in the early '60s, and Twilley was his No. 1 target. Labeled as "too slow" by pro scouts, Twilley was only a 12th-round draft pick by the Miami Dolphins. He played with the Dolphins for 11 seasons. In any event, Seattle acquired Largent from Houston for a "future draft choice," which turned out to be an eighth-round selection in 1977.

Largent caught 87 passes for 1,348 yards and 14 touchdowns in his first two seasons with Seattle. In 1977 he averaged 19.5 yards a reception, third best in the AFC.

Zorn won the job as Seattle's No. 1 quarterback in the Seahawks' very first exhibition game when he came off the

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bench to turn a 24–0 wipeout by the San Francisco 49ers into a 27–20 shoot-out. Zorn went on to be the NFC's Offensive Rookie of the Year in 1976 (Seattle has now been shifted to the AFC), and has started 35 of the Seahawks' 39 regular-season games.

He missed four games last season after suffering a knee injury while trying to tackle Cincinnati's Lemar Parrish along the sideline, Parrish having intercepted one of his passes. "I learned a great lesson while sitting out those four weeks," says Zorn, who knows he should have tried to shove Parrish out of bounds. "I've got to be more intelligent than that. I lost my temper, and I learned a lot. It was good for me to sit out because I found out that I don't like sitting out."

For Zorn, life in the pocket has been easier this season than in the past, because of the development of the Seahawks' young line. He is extremely mobile, though, and never hesitates to run with the ball himself. "I've got one great ability," he says. "I can get out of a tough situation when the pocket collapses."

After Zorn ran the Lions wild with his scrambles and passes in Seattle's 28–16 win in September, Detroit Defensive Tackle Doug English said, "The thing I can't comprehend about Zorn is the way he can pinpoint his passes when he's on the dead run. The game would have turned out a lot differently if they weren't right on the money. I got to say that the guy is a super quarterback."

While Zorn appreciates such accolades, he tries to pay them little notice. "I never envisioned anything like what's been happening," he says. "You just can't conceive of it. I never got down once that first season when we won only two games, because I was having so much fun out there. I'm still having fun now that we're winning more games, too. But what I don't understand is all the publicity. It's really wild. Why should I get all the publicity? I'm glad our team is getting it, but me individually? I'm only a reflection of what our team is."

Throughout the Northwest, and even up in Anchorage, where the Seahawks have an Alaska fan club, Zorn is admired for his character as much as his football skills. He personally answers all his fan mail, including letters from kids that ask, "Can I have your torn jersey?" ("No, it goes back to the equipment man.") Zorn also thanks reporters for interviewing him, and he is so unselfish with his time that only recently has he become selective about speaking engagements. The requests are numerous; Zorn could give a speech a day for the next six months in the Seattle area alone.

Largent says, "The personality of our team is directly related to the age of our players. We're a loose, young, enthusiastic team that's building confidence in itself. We've got kind of a fragile makeup right now, but the more we win, the more confidence we get."

There are a lot of Seattleites who will drink to that. END

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Park Barner Jr ran 152 miles and 1,599 yards to win a 24-hour race and set a U S record napped for two hours and as an encore ran a 50-miler the next day

On and on and on and on

In the dark ages of running, before waffle shoes, runner's high and orthotic devices, there was this thing called loneliness. Dreamy, solitary men plodded on for miles, deaf to calls of "Hey, Jack, the race was over yesterday." Or rather, "Hey, Park," because this is the story of Park Barner Jr., who deserves to win a Nobel Prize for loneliness.

Park Barner is a 34-year-old computer programmer from Enola, Pa., Planet Earth. The latter fact is important because there are those who doubt it. In the last seven years Barner has completed 41 races of 50 miles or longer, and won 19 of them. Only one other runner has even finished as many as 16, and he is New York's venerable Ted Corbitt, now 58, for decades the country's greatest ultradistance runner.

They call Barner the Machine. What—or who—else could run for 24 hours and all but refuse to stop at the end? That is what Barner did one afternoon—and night and morning—last month on a quarter-mile cinder track at New Jersey's Glassboro State College. He set an American record of 152 miles 1,599 yards, breaking the record of 136 miles 716 yards held by Don Choi. That is a pace of 9½ minutes per mile, and let those who would sneer "Jogger!" at such dawdling time devote a day and a night of their lives to seeing what they can do.

Barner seemed stricken when the whistle blew, signifying that 24 hours had elapsed. "Aw, I could have gone 300 miles," he said. "When are we going to have a 48-hour race?"

During his run Barner consumed three quarts of Gatorade, two quarts of orange juice diluted with water, one quart of coffee and 1½ gallons of water. He stopped momentarily at 103 miles to change shoes, because the soles had worn so thin that he could feel the cinders through them. The track was a mess of ruts and lumps. Tom Osler, the race director, said later, "The world record for 24 hours was set five years ago by England's Ron Bentley, 161 miles and 545 yards. But on a decent track Park Barner is easily capable of going farther."

There were nine starters at Glassboro. Finishing second was Choi, a 30-year-old San Franciscan, with 113 miles 1,320 yards, despite having to drop out after 20½ hours, hobbled by an ankle injury and shivering uncontrollably in the below-freezing temperatures. The other eight contestants were bundled in sweat clothes, but not Barner, who wore a T shirt and shorts. After the race he napped for two hours and then drove to Towson, Md. for a 50-miler the following day.

Barner awoke at six to discover a gaping hole in one of his socks, his only pair, a considerable problem for most runners. But he thought, "Oh well, it's only 50 miles." Indeed, the time he spent running, 8:16:21, good for fifth place in a field of 11, seemed like a coffee break.

After finishing one ultramarathon, most runners wouldn't be ready to compete in another for, say, six months. But the following weekend Barner ran in a 50-miler in New York's Central Park and then took part in the Harrisburg, Pa. marathon the following day. His times were 6:37:30 and 3:26:41.

Normal men—those, say, with one

continued

heart, two legs, two arms and the requisite amount of marbles—do not attempt ultradistance races or even marathons two days *in a* row, *certainly not* four *on* consecutive weekends. But Barner, who is so unassuming that he makes Don Knotts seem like Don Rickles, has run 14 "back-to-backs," as he calls them, nine of them combinations of marathons and runs of 50 miles or more, and he says, "I usually feel better the second day." Last year he set a course record of 6:13:22 in the Stone Mountain, Ga. 50-miler—the race committee paid for his motel, a first for Barner—then boarded a bus and rode 19 hours to arrive five minutes before the 7 a.m. start of Maryland's Beltsville marathon. The bus seat was so cramped that the 6' 1½", 162-pound Barner could not even bend over to change his socks. He ran a 3:01:22, sweaty feet and all.

"Park is a very unusual creature," says Osler. "People always ask me, 'Is he human?' " says Choi. The day before the Glassboro 24-hour run, Barner ate 1½ *pounds of oatmeal cookies. Driving from* the New York City 50-miler to the Harrisburg marathon he stopped at a McDonald's, where he had two large orders of French fries, three milk shakes and a piece of apple pie. He says he rarely eats steak or chicken, and his normal lunch on a workday consists of a bag of peanuts, popcorn or corn chips. He also takes wheat-germ oil and multivitamins with minerals. His training is equally iconoclastic. He never does stretching exercises, calling them "a waste of time."

"Haven't you ever pulled a muscle?" he is asked. "Once," he says, "when I tried running fast in high school."

Five days a week his workout consists of two four-mile jogs to and from his office in the state Department of Revenue building in Harrisburg. He rarely goes faster than eight minutes a mile. He enjoys the scenery, especially from the Taylor Bridge across the Susquehanna. He carries his office clothes bunched up in his hand, and he wears nothing more than a T shirt and shorts, even in 10° weather. "Don't you ever catch cold?" people ask. "Yes, I did once, in 1972," he says.

Nineteen seventy-two, the year he caught a cold, was memorable in many ways for Barner. He had never won a race of any kind until then, and it had begun to look as if he never would. As a high school miler (Eastpennsboro in Enola) his best time had been 5:45, and in 1969, after he'd spent four years in the Army, a doctor looked at his aching knees and told him, "You'd better forget about *running*." But he had always dreamed of competing in the Boston marathon, and three months later he hobbled through it in 5:16. He was training all wrong, people told him. He refused to change.

One weekend, a month before the 1970 Boston marathon, he ran 45 miles on Saturday and 36 on Sunday, and on the big day he reached the Prudential Center in 2:47:45, in 135th place. At the starting line the next year he met Corbitt and asked, "How do you run 100 miles?" Corbitt replied, "You just have to tell yourself to keep going." That day Barner's time was 2:50:30, good for 134th place, and he knew he would never do much better in the marathon.

But one thing he *could* do better than anyone else was "keep going," and in February of 1972 he entered his longest race yet, a 50-miler in Central Park. *At 36 miles there was only one runner* ahead of him, and when he passed him on the way to winning, in 6:04:01, he wept. It was the first time in Barner's life that he had led in a race.

The longer Barner went the more unbeatable he became. In May of 1974 he won the first U.S. 100-kilometer (62-mile) race. Since then he has run nine more 100s, winning seven of them, and last year he ran a 7:11:44 to break his American record for the third time. In early November of 1974, after running a total of 700 miles in October, he ran a 50-miler in 5:50:09 in New York City and a 2:44:30 marathon the following day in Harrisburg. He ran them to prepare for the three-day Chesapeake and Ohio Canal 300-km. race (187 miles) two weeks later, from Washington, D.C. to Cumberland, Md. The race was in its second year—the runners stopped each night—but *no one* had *ever* completed it. Barner's total time was 23:53:54, his 100-km. times for each day were 7:51:53, 8:11:07 and 7:50:54, when he stepped up his pace for the last 23 miles. Six other runners entered and one finished; his time of 46:46:00 was almost double Barner's. Two weeks later, Barner ran his best marathon ever, a 2:37:28 at Baltimore, and he added a 2:39:26 a day later in Philadelphia.

Barner's achievements were understandable, people said, because he trained so much. With reason, that rankled him. "I wanted to prove they were wrong," he says. So for the first eight months of 1975 he averaged only seven miles of light running per day—"not enough to run a marathon," he says—and on Aug. 16 he entered a 100-mile race at New York's Queensboro Community College, 400 laps around a quarter-mile track. He won, of course. His time of 13:40:59.4 was a little less than seven minutes slower than Ted Corbett's American record, set in 1969. The following year Barner was six miles in the lead after 67 miles, but his hip hurt, the temperature was in the 90s, and he realized it was no day to break Corbett's record. So he dropped out and decided to redeem himself at the next C & O 300. He would run it non-stop.

The race started at 7 a.m. in front of the Watergate Hotel. All went well until dark. Barner had run 75 miles by then, but clouds hid the moon and he started tripping over fallen branches. The tem*perature fell to 18°, and twice he had to* remove his shoes and socks to wade through waist-deep water where the running path had been flooded. At 3 a.m. he started nodding, and the urge to lie down was overpowering. But in the extreme cold he might never have awakened, so he kept shouting, "No, I've got to keep going!" and plugged on. His handlers couldn't find him for a while, but at 124 miles they finally met. Barner had something to eat, slept in their car for half an hour and felt better. He covered the last 34 miles in 6½ hours, and his total time for the 187 miles was 36:48:34, including four early-morning hours during which he waited for repairs to his handlers' car. The other five entrants stopped each night. None finished.

Recently Barner decided that he doesn't need supermileage to train for ultradistance running. His average monthly *total now, including races, is 350 to 400* miles. But every now and then he likes to take a healthy non-competitive run, to get the blood flowing, so to speak. Two weeks before he set the record at Glassboro he ran from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg, 203 miles, no sleep, three meals, in 36:43:20. As a member of Barner's Harrisburg Road Runners Club said, when told that sometimes in winter Park doesn't use the Taylor Bridge but runs across the river ice, "That's nothing. He's been walking on water for years." **END**

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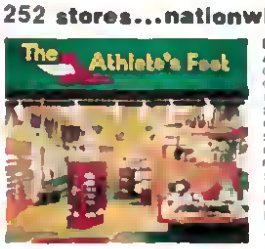
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Irish with a dash of Limey

The stylish red setter, which is fast gaining popularity in the field, is mostly Irish and a small part English

"The breed is on the upswing," says Sid Page Jr., a professional bird-dog trainer from Ewing, Ill. The breed Page is talking about is little known to the public, but it is gaining favor with field-trialers who seek a challenge and with hunters who are looking for meat for the pot. It is known to its enthusiasts as the red setter, although the Field Dog Stud Book officially registers it as the Irish setter. By whatever name, the dog is essentially an Irish setter with a dash of English setter blood.

Page was one of a hundred or so field-trialers from all over the U.S. who attended the recent National Red Setter Shooting Dog Championship at Rend Lake in the Little Egypt prairie country of southern Illinois. The trial grounds covered 3,000 acres, and the dogs, which ran in braces for an hour, were followed on horseback by handlers, judges and gallery. "You want a dog that gets out there and hunts," says Page. "You want a dog with range, a dog that's looking for fencerows and tree lines, a dog with style. We're looking for dogs that can run with anyone."

Like field-trial English setters, the red setter is smaller than its American Kennel Club counterpart. The breed also lacks the deep mahogany coat of the show Irish, and the red setter is sometimes splashed with white on the head, chest or feet. "To be very blunt about it, their weakness is their appearance," says Alex Soutar of Gardiner, N.Y., who has trained all breeds of pointing dogs. "But in the field they have a beautiful fluidity of movement. They don't pound the ground, boom boom, boom. They just flow."

"As far as trainability is concerned, I would rate the pointer first, the English setter second and the red setter third," says Page. "This is on average. Some red setters are very quick to learn. When you are breaking dogs to be steady to wing and shot, some red setters may falter a bit, lose their style and enthusiasm, especially if you put a lot of pressure on them too fast. I guess you could say they are a softer dog than a pointer, but the breed has been improving in the last five years. When I get a red setter in to train, I'll set him down with one of my big running pointers to see if he can compete. I like to have a month to evaluate him. If he's not making it, I'll send him home. I'm not going to embarrass the owner, embarrass myself or embarrass the dog by running him in a trial when he can't compete. When I put a dog in a trial—a red setter, a pointer or an English setter—I want people to acknowledge that dog and say, 'That's a nice dog, Sid.' That means something to me, maybe a little bit more if it's a red setter."

The top red setter in the country right now is a tiny (35 pounds at best) 4-year-old bitch named Dainty Celtic Sally. "I just didn't like the looks of a pointer as a pet or a dog to hunt with," says her owner, Peggy Boling of Dillsburg, Pa. "I wanted a dog that was cute and fun to be around. A red setter is an excellent house dog. It is not snippy at all and gets along with children. It trains well and is easily housebroken. It's a dog you can enjoy in the house, provided it gets sufficient exercise." Trained by Clair Gross of Wellsville, Pa., Sally beat out pointers and English setters to win the 1977-78 Open Shooting Dog of the Year award of the Pennsylvania Field Trial Association, and within her own breed she is currently ahead of her nearest competitor 927 points to 559 for the Ned LeGrande Trophy, given annually to the red setter with the most all-breed wins.

Last year Sally won the National Red Setter Shooting Dog championship on pheasant, and this year she won the National Red Setter spring championship on quail. Although she placed first at Rend Lake this fall, the championship was withheld, a not uncommon occurrence in trials, because she was lost for about 15 minutes, the sandy reddish coat of the breed is at times a disadvantage in fall trialing because it can blend in with the grass and brush. In contrast, a pointer or English setter that gets half a mile away "stands out like a cigarette," noted Frank Mudd, one of the judges.

The red setter is the brainchild of W. E. (Ned) LeGrande of Douglassville, Pa., now 66 years old, a vice-president of Gudebrod, Inc., the fishing-line (among other interests) people, and the man for whom the trophy is named. Back in 1949, LeGrande, who grew up in Vir-

continued

ginia with hunting Irish setters decided the time had come to rejuvenate the breed whose once great field abilities had been bred out for the show bench. He and a friend, Rusty Baynard, ran an ad in *American Field* asking about the availability of good field Irish setters. Of maybe 40 dogs shipped to them on approval LeGrande kept only two or three. After he heard a trainer rave about a bitch owned by a farmer in Enfield, N.C., he made a vacation trip south and found the farmer.

"He didn't want to let her go," LeGrande recalls, "but we sat down over a jug of cider and finally he said, 'Everything I raise is for sale.'" LeGrande bought Askew's Carolina Lady, the only Irish setter now in the Field Trial Hall of Fame, and he bred her and ran her for 10 years, "even when she was full of pups," LeGrande says. "Her progeny were great but they didn't have quite enough range to compete with pointers or English setters, so we decided to crossbreed.

"We wrote to *American Field* and pointed out that since Laverack and Llewellin [prominent 19th-century British breeders] had used Irish setters to develop the English setter, perhaps it was time for the English setter to pay back the debt. They said we could crossbreed to an English setter, and then after breeding back to Irish setters for three generations, the fourth generation could be registered as pure Irish. Dr. Leon Whitney at Yale, an authority on dog genetics, advised us to get the best English setter possible and to make sure that we got one with red or orange spots, or otherwise we'd wind up with black dogs."

An orange and white English setter, Ilsley Chip, a son of National Champion Mississippi Zev, was bred to LeGrande's Willow Winds Smada. "We got kind of a straw-colored litter," LeGrande says, "and we bred them back to sons and daughters of Askew's Carolina Lady. We kept the Field Dog Stud Book informed of every breeding. Nothing was kept secret. We also started the National Red Setter Field Trial Club because the Irish Setter Club in the AKC wanted none of this. They want dogs the size of Percherons for the bench—but a field trial is a race to the birds, and unless you have small, fast dogs you're going to get beat. Besides, we want a dog with the tail straight up so you can see it in the field. The bench Irish have what we call pump-handle tails; they point straight down to the ground."

Before LeGrande suffered a heart attack in 1965 his red setters had won more than 500 placements in trials. His forced retirement from the field did not impede development of the breed, because he had given puppies away free to members of the National Red Setter Field Trial Club all across the country.

Through the years, the AKC was willing to register red setters listed as Irish setters in the Field Dog Stud Book, but in 1975 the AKC announced it would no longer do so. The AKC did not explain why, but it was because AKC show-type setters were getting skunked in their own field trials by the reds. Owners who have both red and Irish setters know full well which is the better hunting dog.

Randy Kubacz of Central Islip, N.Y., who belongs to both the National Red Setter Field Trial Club and the Irish Setter Club of America and whose reds were registered with the AKC before the ban, says, "If you're going with any Irish setter in the field, you're better off with one of the reds. The show Irish setter that will win on the bench is too big. He lopes in the field because his conformations are wrong." To which his wife Anne Marie, who handled their Ramblin' Red Banshee to second place at Rend Lake, adds, "Show dogs are more prone to be easily excited. You have to be careful if you breed to show dogs because of temperament. At six months, show Irish setters are running around like lunatics, but the red setters are calm. Why, it takes me more time to train a bench dog than a field dog."

Although the red setter is far behind his show Irish cousin in numbers—the Field Dog Stud Book registers 2,500 a year while the AKC registers more than 40,000 Irish setters annually—the breed doubtless will become more popular as its hunting abilities become more widely known. Puppies are inexpensive, $100 to $150 on average, and there usually are ads of dogs for sale in *The Flushing Whip*, the National Red Setter Field Trial Club monthly, which is edited by Bob Sprouse in Graytown, Ohio.

Red setters can be trained to work in close, and some foot hunters prefer them for grouse because, they say, the reds won't spook a bird the way a white dog might. But to field-trialers, the pleasure of owning a red setter lies in the challenge. Thixton Miller, chief of the Division of Wildlife Resources in the Illinois Department of Conservation, ran two of his dogs at Rend Lake, and he says, "Anyone can go out and buy a pointer and win. But you take a red setter and you go out and beat those rascals—as I have—and it's fun." END



Dainty Celtic Sally, trained by Clair Gross and owned by Peggy Boling, is one of the best around.

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IT'S NOT JUST A RUN OF LUCK

Mike Garrett, O. J. Simpson, Clarence Davis, Anthony Davis, Ricky Bell and, now, this man, Charles White. There has to be a reason to explain USC's illustrious dynasty at tailback

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

CONTINUED







Since the early 1960s, the University of Southern California has been winning football games and influencing politakers with a modern folk hero known as the USC Tailback. According to his legend, the USC Tailback is a colossus who carries the ball 40 times a game and cannot be stopped with conventional weapons. Alexander the Great did not scorch as much earth as the USC Tailback. Elton John has not made as many records. The USC Tailback rushes for around 1,000 yards a year and goes on to make all the All- teams and, eventually, a million dollars in the pros. His aliases are Mike Garrett, O. J. Simpson, Clarence Davis, Anthony Davis, Ricky Bell and Charles White. Two of the above—Garrett and Simpson—won Heisman Trophies. Two others—Anthony Davis and Bell—were runners-up. White is certain to come close, if not this year—in which he has performed such eye-opening feats as to run for 199 yards against Alabama and 201 against Stanford, is averaging 140 yards a game and is well on his way to breaking the rushing records of all his predecessors (131 yards with three more regular-season games to be played)—then surely next season, when he will be a senior.

The USC Tailback has come to be what the Notre Dame quarterback (Bertelli, Lujack, Hornung, *et al.*) used to be: the glamour player-position of football. He is an almost lineal figure, like royalty. Rival coaches refer to the wellspring as the "USC Pipeline" and contend they could be big winners, too, if only they could tap it.

USC Tailbacks have certain common denominators. They are all black. They are all tough. The first time a USC coach saw Clarence Davis play, Davis' front teeth were knocked out early in the game, he had his gums sewed up at halftime, and was back on the field for the second half. O. J. Simpson once rushed for 220 yards on a sprained ankle. Ricky Bell, taken from a game when his shoulder popped out of its socket, jammed it back in place and complained to Coach John Robinson, "Why did you take me out?"

They all come from urban Los Angeles, except Simpson, who grew up in urban San Francisco. Clarence Davis went to George Washington High and Garrett attended Roosevelt High. Anthony Davis and White went to San Fernando. All six were raised in low-income neighborhoods, in what sociologists call a "matriarchal environment" (*i.e.*, their fathers weren't around much). They all make it sound as if they were turned from lives of crime by discovering it was more fun to flatten opponents with end sweeps than with shivs. Simpson says he used to rumble and snitch hubcaps. Anthony Davis wears a permanent chevron on his elbow from a knife wound. White tells of a neighborhood park so tough he got beat up "just going there to have fun."

But none of them remembers ever missing a meal, and all recall a fairly stable home life, with responsibilities. Responsibility, another common thread. But in the end the only similarity that counts is that all six of these remarkable men can run like hell.

If anything, the dissimilarities among the USC Tailbacks are more revealing. Or, at least, more interesting.

To begin with, the six vary greatly in size and style. Garrett and Anthony Davis were tiny as tailbacks go (in the 5′ 9″, 180-pound class). Simpson, the "ideal," was 6′ 2″, 207 as an undergraduate; the menacing Ricky Bell, 6′ 2″, 220. Like Clarence Davis, White is of medium build (5′ 11″, 185), not split as high as Anthony Davis, but with a running style he copied watching Davis in high school. Under way, the strides of these two become so elongated they appear to prance like drum majors.

Garrett, on the other hand, was a land crab who could scuttle almost as fast as he could run. Simpson, who was a world-class sprinter, was a sliding, gliding type who emerged from holes almost upright. If Simpson's battle hymn was a medley of pace and acceleration, Ricky Bell's was an anvil chorus. Simpson you would enter in a Grand Prix, Bell in a demolition derby. "Bell makes 'em pay for





Garrett (above) was the first of the improvising workhorse backs. Bell earned the job a decade later.

every inch," a USC coach used to say. Bell ran like what he was: a linebacker playing tailback, and he made frightening sounds. His USC teammates called him "Mad Dog," and growled when he carried the ball.

As personalities, the six are equally disparate. Garrett, the first of the line, was sensitive and introspective. Simpson was outgoing and affable but, like Garrett, a conservative dresser in T shirts, jeans and sneakers. Anthony Davis was a vision in double knits and hats with B-47 wingspans. White, though Davis' idolater, prefers a quiet evening at home with his girl friend. His apartment, he says, is intentionally situated four miles from the campus huhhuh, "in an old-folks neighborhood."

Clarence Davis barely said a word. Anthony Davis never stopped talking. C.D. was so uncocky before his first start as a USC Tailback that he lost 11 pounds the week of the game. A.D. in the same situation blithely predicted he would be better than O.J. In turn, White was so confident that he said he wanted to win "a couple of Heisman Trophies." Bell didn't think he was going to be better than anybody and, though the most punishing runner of all, "was a frightened man" according to Coach Robinson.

Anthony Davis did knee dances when he scored. Bell looked embarrassed. "Spiking," he said, "is not my style." He threw up before games. Garrett went to sleep. On a day when the Trojans were going to play Notre Dame, Craig Fertig, then the USC quarterback and now the Oregon State coach, remembers Garrett going back to his room after the team meal for a midday snooze, then falling asleep on the bus to the game. White is so intense he can hardly sleep at all.

Curiously, not one of the six gave much early evidence of excellence, at least not as a running back. O. J. Simpson had such flimsy legs as a youth he had to wear braces. His Pop Warner League coach cut him, and his high school coach made him a tackle. Clarence Davis was at first a guard in high school. Bell was a fullback-linebacker. White a wishbone fullback. Anthony Davis, an All-LA quarterback and baseball player, was so puny (5' 6", 130 pounds) he was considered a better college baseball prospect.

Only one school, Arizona State, tried to recruit Simpson out of high school (his grades were poor). Only Arizona State and Oregon were interested in Clarence Davis. By then Davis had become a running back, because his high school team had got beaten up so badly by the hullies on its schedule that nobody else wanted to be caught holding the ball in his hands. Both Simpson and Davis showed their mettle by setting records in junior college.



Simpson got the Heisman Trophy in 1968. Three years earlier, Garrett was the first Trojan to win it.

The above is not to suggest that all this talent would have gone undiscovered had USC not turned the last shovel. The suggestion, rather, is that it is easier to see a diamond when it is sparkling in a showcase. Even at USC the casting was not always perfect. Ricky Bell played linebacker as a freshman, fullback as a sophomore. Anthony Davis was elevated

continued

from third string only when the people who played ahead of him were injured. In 1965, when Mike Garrett won the Heisman Trophy, he was named to *Playboy*'s preseason All-America team—as a defensive back.

As for their statistics, they are not all that compelling. On the NCAA's all-time list of rushing leaders through 1977, which does not include bowl-game yardage, Tony Dorsett's record 6,082 yards is far ahead of Bell's 3,553 (15th), Anthony Davis' 3,426 (18th), Garrett's 3,221 (32nd) and Simpson's 3,124 (40th). The career totals of Archie Griffin, Ed Marinaro, Terry Miller, Earl Campbell, Joe Washington, Mike Voight, Steve Owens and Woody Green are among those separating Dorsett's from Bell's. Mike Garrett's and Charles White's averages (including Bowls) of 5.27 yards per carry (the best of the USC Tailbacks) are well under Art Luppino's record 6.59. Ed Marinaro's 209-yards-per-game single-season average is almost 40 yards better than Simpson's 170.9, fourth on the list, and Bell's 170.5, fifth. For all his workhorse image, a USC Tailback does not even hold the record for most carries in a game (Kent Kitzmann, 57), a season (Steve Owens, 358) or a career (Dorsett, 1,074). It is the dependable, recurring presence of the USC Tailback in the record books that makes the position so special. That the individual also "rises to the position," as Robinson says, to become beloved as a leader and team man (White is now so humble he doesn't even talk about *one* Heisman Trophy), or finds, as Bell did, "a source of strength" in it, is significant but beside the point. The point is that it is not their size, their temperament, their ability or even the speed with which they hurdle airport railings to get to the car-rental counter that sets them apart.

What distinguishes them is a very special set of circumstances that comes along every so often and makes football such a compelling game for those brooding masochists who sometimes coach it. Something happened at USC. Whether you are the football equivalent of a big-bang creationist or a steady-stater, you have to realize that something happened at USC to give life to the USC Tailback. It was a combination of the right coach (John McKay), the right philosophy (McKay's), the right formation (the power I, a McKay original) and, as the *pièces de résistance*, the right athletes.

Football coaches spend half their lives coaxing and shaping inconsistent youth, trying—desperately, at times—to keep here today from going tomorrow. They spend countless hours at the altars of inspiration (mostly tables strewn with coffee cups), plotting and scheming. They watch game films until their eyes roll in their sockets. They fill volumes with the ingredients of a single game plan.

Then on Saturday, when they win, coaches talk as if it were all an accident.

"Why did you close practice last week and station armed guards on the tops of nearby buildings, Coach?"

"Oh, we installed a few wrinkles, but there's nothing new in football. Fundamentals win games."

"What about that Split-T, Double-Feedback Formation?"

"Formations don't win games, people win games. The left tackle gained 240 yards on laterals because of God-given running ability. You can't coach that."

"Was it an accident that the referee got blocked out on every play?"

"I can't tell until I see the game films."

There is much truth to the cliche about game films. Much of what goes on escapes the naked eye. The trouble is that coaches usually don't try to explain all the terrific stuff they do until they have stopped winning and have been fired. Or until they write books.

Before he went to the pros, John McKay (USC coach, 1960-75) wrote a book in which he tried to confess everything. *McKay, A Coach's Story* (written with USC Sports Information Director Jim Perry) was not a bestseller. And strategists looking for a by-the-numbers guide to Top 20 ranking found most of the classified stuff McKay revealed about the evolution of the USC Tailback was buried under the weight of his persimmon personality and bristling wit. At post-game interviews, he can be as unrevealing as any coach, only funnier.

"What special plays did you put in for O.J., Coach?"

"Two. I nod right, O.J. runs right. I nod left, O.J. runs left."

"Yes, but he ran 38 times."

"Why shouldn't he? The ball isn't very heavy. And besides, he doesn't belong to any union."

"But don't you have any depth at *tailback*?"

"O.J. *is* depth."

That was vintage McKay and it is still packing 'em in. At Tampa, he answers irritating comparisons to his days as a college coach by saying that if his Tampa Bay Buccaneers have to win a Super Bowl for him to "prove" himself as a coach, then Tom Landry should have to win four national collegiate champion-

continued





Clarence (left) and Anthony Davis are not related but they are linked in the tradition of a position



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ships McKay won four at USC. He did not do it by quipping his teams into shape. It only seemed that way. Here's how he did it:

In the mid-1950s, a coach named Tom Nugent made Florida State into a respectable football power by springing on the world a formation he called, simply, the "I." It featured the quarterback under the center in T-formation fashion but the running backs snugged up directly behind in a kind of three-point conga line.

The formation got Nugent some notoriety and, eventually, the head coaching job at Maryland. But it got little currency beyond that. Coaches complained that the I lacked versatility and questioned its capacity to get ballcarriers outside the ends.

McKay did not consider the I as a way to go until his second year at USC, and only because the defenses of the day had begun to shoot down the pro sets and split Ts then in vogue. Coaches are great copycats. McKay's first I, which bore a slight resemblance to Nugent's, was not intended to exalt the tailback but to combat the new smash hit of college defenses devised by Frank Broyles at Arkansas. In essence it was a version of the old Oklahoma 5-4 defense, a five-man front with stunting linebackers and a floating secondary man known as the "monster back."

Ideally, an offense makes its living by finding places where blockers can outnumber defenders. At the very least, offensive coaches want an even break—a balanced defense. Broyles' swarming, stunting Arkansas teams had consistently shut plays down at the point of attack. Intrigued, McKay made a pilgrimage to a coaches' clinic to compare notes, then went back to Los Angeles and, while installing elements of Broyles' defense, decided he had also best come up with a way of counterattacking if faced with the same defense himself.

McKay's fledgling USC I was unveiled, somewhat timidly, in 1961. It was used mainly for leverage, to disguise the intentions of a play. When USC lined up in the I that season, it generally shifted into something else, hoping to catch the defense out of position. In the first game of 1961, Georgia Tech walloped the Trojans 27–7. From there the Trojans slogged to a 4–5–1 finish. McKay's critics declared the I stood for Incompetence.

In the spring of 1962 McKay's assistant coaches were hit with a startling announcement: not only were they going to keep the I, but they were also going to use it exclusively. To open it up, a basic change would be made in the set: one end would split on the side opposite the flanker. And there would be a lot of shifting and men-in-motion gambits.



McKay, the coach who put the power in the I

But the crucial change, the real stick of dynamite, the power of the power I, was what McKay had in mind for the deep back, the man at the top of the I—the USC Tailback. McKay remembered something from his days as a star high school single-wing tailback in West Virginia—and from his less fulfilling experience as a defensive back and part-time T-formation halfback at Purdue just after World War II and later at Oregon.

"A single-wing tailback," he said in his book, "has the ideal running posture. He's in the middle of the formation, directly behind the center, and back far enough to get the best running angles. But more important, he can see what's going on—because he's almost upright. He's not scrunched over in a three-point stance, his hands are on his knees. He has to be that way in order to do all the things required of a single-wing tailback.

"The T formation was great, but as a T-formation halfback, the view I got was mostly somebody's rear end. That kind of thing can leave an impression on you, especially when you're on a bad team and every time you run where the hole is supposed to be there's nothing but trouser seams. I liked it better in the single wing."

In effect, McKay's scheme was to make a single-wing tailback out of the deep back in the I (now sometimes called the "I hack"). He would have all the responsibilities of the position save for having to take the center snap. He would become as much the focal point of the offense as the quarterback. He would have to be a thinking runner, responsible for knowing not only where a play was headed, but also where the alternate routes might be if the way was closed.

As a simple example, say the tailback comes out of the huddle with a play called. Upright, he sees that the defensive tackle at the point of attack has shifted over and is on the inside shoulder of the man who is supposed to block him to the *outside*. The tailback knows immediately that the block can't be made. The blocker knows it, too. But the play is not doomed. They both adjust, each knowing what has to be done. The target hole shifts to the outside, and the blocker will now take his man to the inside. As the play unfolds, and linebackers start stunting, or doing something other than what they were supposed to do, the blocking rules might change again on the fly. The tailback's options open again. The same play might break at three or four different spots. It is "run to daylight" in its most sophisticated form.

Dave Levy remembers McKay's day-to-day—and season-to-season—enthusiasm as the I formation's potential unfolded. Now an assistant athletic director at USC, Levy was one of McKay's assistant coaches. "We'd be in that film room for hours. We never went home. He'd say, 'Watch this. If we stand this guy up, and this guy moves a step here, the tailback will know right away that the hole is back here.' The more we looked, the more we saw. It was simply a matter of programming the tailbacks. Get them to see what was happening before the snap, get them to realize what could happen as the play developed. Then practice it, over and over."

Robinson, himself a onetime McKay assistant, says McKay's genius in those formative times was in his patience. "He'd say, 'Be patient, it'll come. Don't"

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question the offense.' We'd run a play, and whomp, eight men would tackle the tailback. Whomp, whomp, whomp! No gain. But it was like Rocky Marciano hitting you in the arm, in the elbow, anyplace. Pretty soon it starts taking a toll. Pretty soon the holes were there."

The real job, says Fertig, was to convince the tailback. Fertig, too, was a USC assistant coach after his playing days, and is himself a believer. "Coach McKay was right there with that tailback every day, telling him, 'You can't lose faith. It'll go, it'll go,' and making him run the play again. He coached hell out of those tailbacks."

Time would prove how closely the power I resembled the single wing. Not only did the tailback have to be a smart runner, but he also had to be a willing and enduring one—the legs of the offense. In his down stance ahead of the tailback, the fullback was in no position to do much else but block. "The only way the tailback can return the favor," says McKay, "is to have 8.5 speed and hop around the fullback fast." As time went by, the fullback's running opportunities would vary (Sam Cunningham and Mosi Tatupu and lately Lynn Cain, for example, got more chances) but it was a role made to order for sufferers in silence. Line blocking in the I called for sustaining individual blocks as long as possible, and being alert to pick up the backside pursuit. Downfield blocking was less a factor. Eventually, McKay began bringing in larger offensive linemen for this reason.

McKay did not take a vacation that third summer, the summer of '62. The power I was not really off the launch pad, and he was not sure how much he could entrust to the tailback. That fall he alternated the two best runners he had, Willie Brown (now one of his assistants at Tampa Bay) and Ken Del Conte (now a filmmaker). At 5′ 11″, 172 pounds, Brown was built more along the lines of a flanker—he was, in fact, switched there the following year. Although the leading rusher for the '62 season, he carried only 88 times. The position at that point, says McKay, simply was not defined.

"We shifted, we used motion, we did many of the things the Cowboys are doing right now—just feeling our way. I'd heard so many things about the I. Everything I heard proved false. Coaches said, 'You can't run outside.' We ran outside. They said, 'You can't run to the short side of the field.' We ran to the short side. They said, 'You can't make this block or that block.' They were wrong."

USC upset Duke in the opening game, 14–7. Fertig remembers everybody saying, "Hey, this thing's going to work." In spades it worked. The Trojans won 11 straight games and the national championship, and beat Wisconsin in the Rose Bowl. McKay gave the lion's share of the credit to the defense, justifiably, as it held opponents to 55 points during the regular season. But he was finding his offense too good to be true.

"We lucked into some big gains just because the defenses didn't adjust when we shifted. They just stood there. I'd see the films and I'd say, 'Oh, man, a gift.' It was ridiculous how easy we scored on some plays.

"Then when we were getting ready to play in the Rose Bowl we needed somebody to run Wisconsin's plays. Garrett was a freshman. In those days freshmen couldn't play on the varsity. He'd been hurt most of the year, too, and we weren't so sure he was going to come around. Somebody brought him over, and he ran against our No. 1 defense. He embarrassed everybody. We couldn't tackle him." When that day was over, says McKay, the offensive coaches were winking at one another.

Garrett is the prototype USC Tailback. He brought to the new offense the quality a great actor brings to a great part—Olivier playing Othello, Bogart playing Charlie Allnutt. He was USC's leading rusher for the next three years, and capped his career with the Heisman in 1965. "With Garrett," says McKay, "we could expand. We could do things. The power I really begins with him."

Dave Levy remembers Garrett. "He'd come out to watch practice almost every day. Somebody said, 'There's that kid from Roosevelt High hanging around again.' Charlie Hall [an assistant coach] took him to lunch. He said Garrett told him Willie Brown was great, that he'd watched and wanted to play like Brown. He told Charlie he didn't want to go anywhere but USC."

Garrett was totally, almost painfully, resolute. His parents were separated, he was one of six children. His father died young, and that tore at Garrett. Even today it upsets him that "I felt my father had passed this way and no one had made an effort to know him, and I was very tired hearing about movie stars and other celebrities who had died. A lot of great human beings die and never get any attention. It made me very angry."

Levy says he never saw a worker like Garrett. "He was the first tailback to run 40 yards downfield on every practice play. At first, everybody thought it was funny; then it got so all the tailbacks did it. Garrett would bawl out the ones who didn't. Now it's tradition. The first time Charlie White ran a play in practice, he pulled up after six or eight yards, and John Robinson called him over and stood with him as Ricky Bell ran the next play. Bell ran 50 yards downfield. '*That's* the way a USC Tailback runs,' Robinson told him. White hasn't run one shorter since."

With Garrett, McKay began testing the tailback's endurance. "It was simple enough," he says. "If you don't run, you block. A back would rather run the ball. The tailback is in a position to do your team the most good. He's your best back. It's like having a chance of batting your best hitter every time instead of every three or four innings. I decided to bat him every time."

Against Washington his sophomore year, Garrett carried 21 times. He said afterward that he was "awfully tired" and that maybe 11 or 12 carries was more his speed. "I don't want too many carries," he said.

But the weeks went by, and McKay kept forcing the ball on him "and watching me close to make sure I was all right. On Mondays I was so stiff and sore I could barely crawl to the bathroom, but I kept carrying"—612 times those three years, for an NCAA-record 3,221 yards (later broken by Bell and Anthony Davis, among many others). His senior year,

continued

USC RUSHING LEADERS

	Starting Tailback	Carries	Yards Gained	Average
Mike Garrett	1963-65	612	3,221	5.27
O. J. Simpson	1967-68	674	3,423	5.08
Clarence Davis	1969-70	511	2,323	4.54
Anthony Davis	1972-74	784	3,724	4.75
Ricky Bell	1975-76	710	3,689	5.20
Charles White	1977-78*	682	3,594	5.27

* after nine games

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Garrett averaged 26.7 carries. When asked how he could take all that pounding, Garrett said, "That's my job."

It was a mutual discovery. As McKay suspected, the more Garrett carried, the better he got. As Garrett discovered, playing tailback in the power I is an eye-opening experience. Garrett called it "option running" and speaks of it now as if it had been a spiritual awakening. "I would get into a groove, in a sort of rhythm, almost like a trance. I'd get bumped and bruised and cut, but I wouldn't feel the bumps until Monday. I transcended the beating."

The beneficiaries of Garrett's sacrifice now make similar testimonials. White says it has taught him that football is "intelligence," and that when the game begins he "becomes another person." Says Anthony Davis, "When it's happening, it's unbelievable. You see a hole opening, and the daylight, and it's like paradise. You're in a daze. You're in a wonderland."

In a game against Minnesota his senior year, Simpson carried on 11 of the last 12 plays and turned a 20–13 Minnesota lead into a 29–20 USC win. Said McKay, "Simpson gets faster in the fourth quarter, and I get smarter."

That was never quite the case, says Simpson. Actually he did not get stronger, he got weaker—"but then I'd just stop worrying about where the play was supposed to go and I'd run more instinctively. The holes I'd been thinking about in practice would suddenly be there."

There has been no real formula, says McKay, no quotas to maintain. Anthony Davis was the tailback on what is generally considered McKay's (and USC's) best team—the 1972 national champions. "It was a team without a weakness," says Fertig. "Great passing from Mike Rae and Pat Haden, great receiving from Lynn Swann—Coach McKay used him like a chess piece, creating all kinds of formations—and Sam Cunningham at fullback. Davis didn't have to carry as much, and he didn't. He averaged 21 and 22 carries a game his last two seasons. And never carried more than 39 times in a game."

Simpson, on the other hand, never had that kind of supporting cast. The quarterbacks in 1967 and '68 were neither great passers nor threatening runners. The fullbacks didn't run for much more than cover, and one was famous for making spectacularly ineffectual blocks in which he dived nose-first into the ground in front of an opponent. Rival coaches told McKay that his tailback was "a marked man." "So what else is new?" said McKay, and gave the ball to Simpson 35 times a game his senior year, after which Simpson won the Heisman.

"God gave O. J. Simpson more ability than any back I've ever seen," says McKay. "I think Garrett got a little miffed at me for saying that, but it was true. Simpson was bigger, he was faster, he was the perfect physical specimen for the position of tailback. If he hadn't won the Heisman, it would have been a terrible injustice. He never asked to be taken out of a game. He never complained. None of them did."

McKay says USC had plays for O.J. they never used again. But, incredibly, the original vital organs of the offense are still pumping away, making it work today—28 pitch ("student body right," the power-I version of the old single-wing power sweep) and 22 blast, in which the tailback is sent into the strong-side interior line. Just as Garrett and Simpson ran them to victories in the '60s, White ran them to beat Alabama in September. They are timeless because they are constantly under refinement—the tailback, for example, now starts from as deep as 7½ yards from center, an unthinkable distance 15 years ago—and because the two plays can be readily adapted to the talents of the young men who run them. Somehow, somewhere, sooner or later they're gonna get you.

"We played Minnesota one year, and Murray Warmath said he couldn't believe we could attack from so many angles," says McKay. "Ara Parseghian said he knew he was seeing the same play, he just didn't believe we could block it so many ways.

"The key is to be patient. We were playing UCLA, and Simpson was having one of those days. He could do that. Look bad, get racked up, fumble. Then you'd look up and he'd be in the end zone. Two of my assistants wanted to take him out. They said, 'Take him out, he's killing us.' I said, 'One more play.' He fumbled again. They were screaming. I said, 'Just wait. He'll do it. You got to be patient.' The next play he ran 67 yards for a touchdown and we won the game. I should have fired them both."

Fertig, one of the howling assistants, remembers the play as typical Simpson. "It was third and nine. We'd called a pass, but the UCLA linebacker walked [moved wider], so we audibilized to the blast. Except the guard and tackle didn't hear it. They didn't block anybody. All O.J. did was pick his way through the whole mess for the touchdown that put us in the Rose Bowl. Then he went around slapping everybody on the butt and telling them what a great job they'd done."

There were the other days, equally sublime, when it appeared nobody on earth had a chance to stop a USC Tailback. Anthony Davis ravaged Notre Dame with six touchdowns in 1972 (including two on kickoff returns of 96 and 97 yards). He almost repeated the act two years later, scoring four times as the Trojans rallied spectacularly from a 24–6 halftime deficit to whip the Irish 55–24. Ricky Bell carried the ball 51 times against Washington State in 1976, accumulating 347 yards (a tie for second-best ever by a collegian), and when he was done he said, "It didn't seem like I'd carried it that much, to tell you the truth."

Versions of the power I are now used by more colleges (50 at last count) than any other formation. McKay is understandably proud of this. He thinks of the power I as one of football's basic formations—with the single wing, double wing, T and split T. He says that only the wishbone, a variant of the split T, can match the power I as a running formation, but like any option attack, the wishbone, with its pitches, is more fumble-prone.

By the same token, McKay thinks no formation can match the I's versatility. "You can pass better out of the I because your quarterback doesn't option to one side or the other, he drops straight back to pass, giving him the whole field instead of half of it. And instead of having to have four good runners, you really only need the one. You can't defense our tailback. I can take your best back from you in the wishbone, no matter how well you block. But if we block, you can't take away our tailback."

USC recruiters have created a kind of life-support system for the position by mentioning such enticements as the academic excellence of the school itself, the sunny Southern California coast, the Hollywood connection (bit parts in movies and on television), the NFL connection (more USC players on pro rosters than any other school).

continued

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"We sold the position, no doubt about it," says Fertig. "We sold Coach McKay. We said, 'You'll get the chance to play the most important position for a running back in football, and be coached by the man who invented it.' "

McKay contributed to the mystique by defining the job in challenging terms: "To play tailback at USC, you have to be a super athlete, super enthusiastic about physical condition. You have to be in great shape, because you'll never get a chance to loaf. And you have to have a burning desire to excel." Furthermore, he said, "We don't want you if you don't want to come here."

The appeal was directly to pride, but the pitch was decidedly low key. Clarence Davis says he liked it that Fertig "made no promises." Anthony Davis says that even when he went in to see McKay for the final word, "There was no pressure, no coercion. He said, 'If you want to come, we want you.' Just like that, one, two, three."

Bell says he turned down cars and money offered by other schools, while USC was offering nothing but the chance to play, "and I signed at the first chance." Simpson did the same. When Robinson walked into White's house to "recruit" him three years ago, White met him at the door. "You don't have to say a word," he said. "I'm coming."

They don't all come, of course. "The rap that rivals use now," says Robinson, "is, 'If you go to USC you won't get to play.' Naturally, some get scared off. Some aren't meant for it, anyway. McKay had a guy 6′ 2″, 205 pounds, a real horse, who was actually enrolled and practicing when he realized he was over his head. He went to McKay and told him he wasn't tough enough. McKay shook his hand and said, 'I've found an honest man.'

"We didn't even recruit a tailback this year, because none that we wanted was willing to take the bit in his mouth. But here's what happens. We recruited Marcus Allen as a defensive back out of San Diego. He's 6′ 3″, 195, and he's terrific. He came to me this fall and said, 'Coach, I want to play tailback. I think I'm the type for the job.' He is, too. And he's getting his chance."

When the position is won, it is treated by the athlete who wins it as an almost holy calling. Garrett remembers being called into McKay's office as if for a consecration. "He said, 'Mike, you're in the public eye now. You're no longer No. 20, you're Mike Garrett. Watch how you act and what you say.' " When Bell was told he would be the USC Tailback, he took a job loading freight and slogged the beaches of Playa del Rey in boots that summer getting ready.

But like Presidents, USC Tailbacks can find the office as humbling as it is inspiring. This is partly because USC teammates do not put up with USC Tailbacks acting like USC All-Stars. Coaches tell stories of 250-pound linemen reaching across the huddle and jerking the face masks of jabbering tailbacks and telling them to "shut up and play ball." The coaches watch carefully for heads that might have grown out of helmets, or needed to be deflated in the first place.

Robinson says Backfield Coach Johnny Jackson, an ex-Marine, has practically remade White. "White sauntered into Jackson's office with two of his San Fernando buddies one afternoon last year, all wearing shades. Jackson said, 'All right, just turn around and walk out that door and don't come back until you can act like real people.' "

White, a speech/communications major—he talks of becoming another Walter Cronkite—agrees there has been a healthy improvement in his attitude. He says he no longer breaks appointments. He unswervingly says the right things about togetherness and the offensive line ("It's a pleasure to run behind those guys"). He says he must have been "out of my head when I said that stuff about the two Heismans." He says he doesn't even think about trophies or 90-yard runs anymore, just getting to the hole on time.

The best leveler, of course, is the practice field. White says that as a freshman he got knocked down so often by Gary Jeter and Walter Underwood he thought he was on the wrong team. McKay would add that this is only what an aspiring young tailback can expect when he wants to learn how to be an intelligent runner. "Anthony Davis got killed in his first practices," says McKay. "O.J. couldn't get to the line of scrimmage. The first time he ran our bag drill [a gamut of defenders throwing rock-hard pillows at runners' legs] he got knocked down every time."

It is axiomatic that USC Tailbacks have been smart enough to learn quickly what was expected of them, both as men and as players. Some were better in the classroom than others, but they all came to have a certain aptness for their role, and seem to have genuinely appreciated its impact.

It is not as easy to assess what effect the bittersweet McKay personality had on these beneficiaries of his genius. Simpson, while confessing great appreciation and respect, says the primary ingredient in their relationship when he was an undergraduate was "fear." Clarence Davis says he "couldn't adjust" to McKay as a person. Anthony Davis says, "I kept my distance." Simpson, in a kind of McKay-and-I summary, says, "If you saw him coming down the block, you'd want to run to the other side. If he saw you, you'd better have some books in your hands."

It is possible that McKay intentionally kept an arm's distance from his stars. He had a lot to get done. There were promises to keep.

But in the small hours of a recent morning in Tampa he sat in his house by the picture window overlooking the bay, munching on a postdinner grilled ham sandwich his wife Corky had made for him before turning in, and reflected almost paternally on the magnitude of the stars in his crown. Lighting a cigar, he said one of the things that pleased him most was how well those he had worked so hard to develop had turned out. The success stories they had made. Garrett in the real-estate business in San Diego after starring for eight years in the pros. O.J. making big-buck movies and electronic hay, with his football career not yet ended. Anthony Davis—on the Houston Oilers' injured-reserve list—is spending most of his time this season in California, where he is an actor, entrepreneur and businessman. He also is helping a sister graduate from USC and his brother get a law degree. After seven years as a pro, Clarence Davis is on the Oakland Raiders' injured-reserve list this season following a knee operation. Bell has bought his family a home with the bonus money he got to sign with McKay at Tampa Bay, where he is the starting tailback. Bell had said, "It's my family, man. Without them, nothing. It's once in a lifetime that things like this happen. . . ."

McKay puffed on his cigar and smiled.

"They're super young men," he said. "I loved 'em all. I miss 'em." END



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31-40	35	21	22	14	14	08	1.10	2.10
41-55	39	25	25	17	15	10	1.35	2.35
56-70	41	27	28	18	16	11	1.66	2.06
71-124	43	29	27	19	17	12	1.75	2.75
125-196	44	30	28	20	17	12	1.85	2.85
197-292	46	32	29	21	18	13	1.85	2.95
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As I Did It

by JOAN ACKERMANN-BLOUNT

A NOVICE COACH OFFERS CANDY BARS, CHEERS AND A SHOULDER TO CRY ON

There were few girls' teams when I was in high school in the 1960s and the only sports-related group that received any attention or support was the cheerleaders. They had tryouts, practices, and tailored uniforms in the school colors, just like the varsity teams. It irked me that those girls were wasting their energy cheering for somebody else when they should have been out on the field themselves. My friends and I in the band would make rude noises on our clarinets every time the cheerleaders would come over shaking their pompons and telling us to straighten up. We had old, thick, green moth-eaten uniforms so heavy that every spring someone in the band would faint in the cemetery at the Memorial Day service. My socks never matched and I used to wear an enormous blue sweater that came down to my knees. Its poor fit and appalling color drove the fashion-conscious cheerleaders crazy.

"Make her take it *off*!" they would yell at the band leader. But he didn't mind. He'd always let me wear the sweater on the field as we paced around forming four-leaf clovers and diamonds while playing rousing marches.



Last fall I got a new angle on girls' high school sports. I was a coach. A week before classes were to start I was hired by the Berkshire School in Sheffield, Mass. to teach English. Four days before the semester was to begin I was informed that I also was the girls' varsity field hockey coach.

"But I've never seen a field hockey game in my life," I said.

On my application, however, I'd listed a number of sports that I like. The athletic director said that because I was athletic I'd pick up field hockey fast enough. The girls' athletic director said he hoped I would get good at developing strategy as the season progressed.

The first day of school I met my team down on the field. I was still trembling from my four English classes, which I was sure had been disastrous. It was a sunny autumn day and from the field there was a clear view of the distant Berkshire Hills. About 40 girls were sitting on benches wearing shin guards and holding what had to be field hockey sticks. They eyed me suspiciously. I eyed them nervously. The athletic director, a formidable, well-spoken gentleman, gave a short speech in which he let it be known that although I had never played and did not know the game, I had the makings of a fine coach. He then asked me if I had any remarks to make.

I stood up in front of the girls, most of whom were bigger than I, and fixed my gaze on a tree just behind them. Then I wondered what to say. I had never talked *to* a coach before, much less *as* a coach, but suddenly all sorts of coach-like words collided in my brain. Words like "blood," "get up and go," "respect" and "fight." I ignored them and garbled something about how I didn't know the game but that I was very eager to learn it and that I was very enthusiastic about working with them. That much was true. When I sat down no one said a word. If someone had come over and told me I had just recited *Jabberwocky*, I would have believed her.

I never did get good at developing strategy. It was all I could do to learn the basic rules of the game. Field hockey is *complicated*. Any time anything interesting starts happening the referees blow a whistle and everybody starts running the other way. There are more things you can't do in field hockey than things you can do. For instance, you can't raise your stick above your shoulder. You can't get your shoulder between you and the ball (I still have a murky grasp of that), and you can't even get in the way of someone on your own team. If the ball hits you, *you* get called for "advancing" because although the ball may have cracked your shinbone you are advancing the ball towards the goal. You have to sit down and cry before an official will believe that you didn't throw yourself in the way on purpose. Otherwise, the other team gets the ball. It can be a confusing, exasperating game for a novice.

People playing field hockey do cry a lot, though more often from their injuries than from frustration. That is one of the terrifying things about being a field hockey coach. Girls slump off the field toward you with broken fingers—we had three last season—disfigured faces, pulled muscles and ugly bruises. If you don't get whacked with a stick you can just as easily be clobbered by the ball. The ball is the size of a baseball but three times as concentrated and the combination of weight and speed can inflict an aching wound.

One of the first things a field hockey coach has to learn how to do is line the field. Daria VanGraafeiland, the coach of the junior varsity team, and I shared the task of pushing the little cart around the field. There are two cans of paint that fit side by side in the machine and if we were lucky we could get one or the other of them to spew out a trail. At rare moments both cans would spew at the same time, so the lines would look oddly thick at intermittent points. It took us about 3½ hours each time we relined the field and often longer if the previous lines had been washed out by rain. After we were through we felt entitled to a rest, and we would lie on the thick, soft grass and try to figure out exactly how this game was played. We would also ponder what to do at practice.

We had an awful lot of rain last season, so much so that the half of our field that was already squishy from an oozing sewer system became immersed in a sea of ankle-deep water. After a month of splashing and mud fights both at games and at practice we moved the field away from the sewer so that it included the entire baseball diamond at the other end. Visiting coaches would glare at the naked base paths, but the referees were on

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our side. They were just as glad not to have to run down the sidelines through the slime.

Our first game was at a private school about an hour's drive away. When we got to the school their coach came over and firmly gripped my hand. I met a lot of coaches during the season and I can say many of them are deadly serious. The playing rules are second nature to them and so they are able to spend time devising intricate strategies. Her players looked very professional as they ran in formation onto the field and began doing warmup drills. My legs felt weak.

"What are your feelings on substitutions?" she asked me briskly. "Well . . ." I said.

"How about at corners and penalty shots? Tell the ref first?"

"Fine," I said.

"And the halves. How long do you play?"

"Well . . ." I said.

"We've been playing 30 minutes."

"Fine," I said, looking at my watch.

She turned around and marched toward her bench. Immediately her team jogged off the field to cluster around her as she began giving them what I realized was a pep talk. I had a dreadful sinking feeling that I should have prepared something rousing to tell my team, but I knew I was incapable of producing the right vocabulary or tone. I looked around and saw my players scattered about, each warming up in her own way. Some of them were doing gentle exercises, some were thoughtfully contemplating the game to come, and still others were eating candy. Everyone looked calm, and I hoped I did, too.

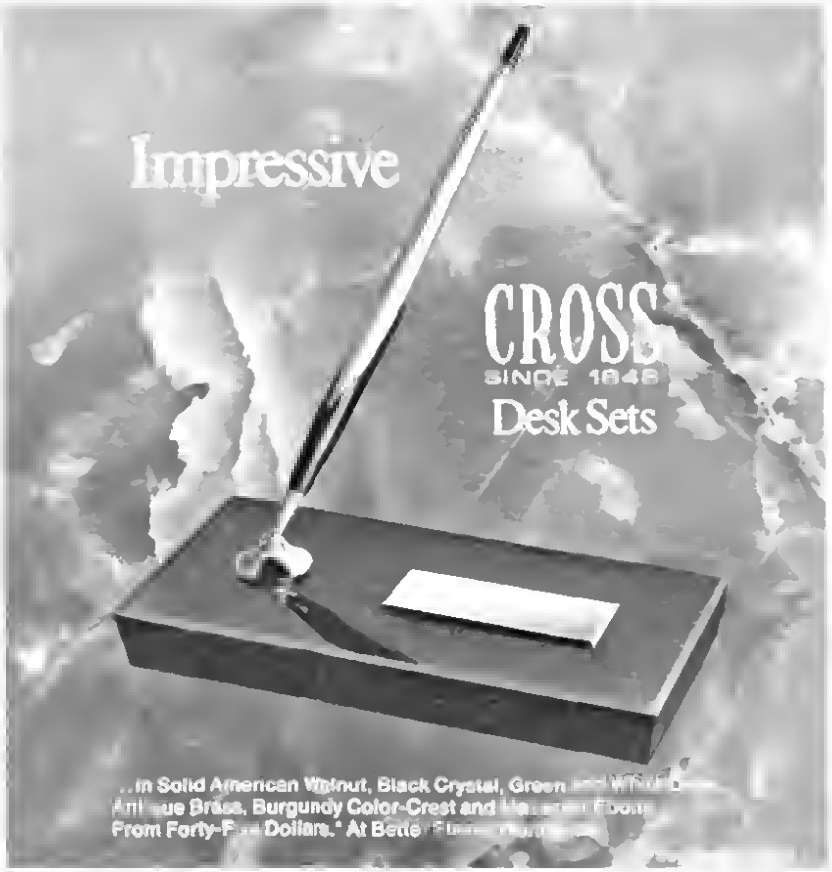
I never got good at giving pep speeches. The best I could offer them was chocolate bars (lots of chocolate bars) and sympathetic remarks. I wanted to be able to roll out a blackboard, to chalk it up with X's and O's, draw wonderfully intricate patterns with fullbacks, halfbacks, forwards and wings executing masterful attacks. I wanted to be able to say in a gutsy voice, "O.K., kids, go with plan TKC and if you feel it falling through in the corner, Hillary, you pass to Diana and move on to K46 revised. Ingrid you go for the *Iron Claw*." But all I could muster up would be—

"Hillary, try to pass a lot. O.K."

"Sure," Hillary would say and pat me on the back.

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They were very tolerant of me. Every now and then one of them would take me aside and say something like, "Look, you've got to get the forward line thinking like a rubber band." Or "Look, you're just not hard enough on her." That was always true. When a girl who had been playing terribly came off the field, my instinct was to console her, not to get mad at her.

It was a matter of the players inspiring me, not the other way around. The team had several wonderful players who had developed specialty shots—a lunge, a scoop, a drive. They came up against other schools whose rubber-band qualities were superior, but they managed to finish with a respectable .500 record, 5–5–1. They never looked very organized, but they had drive and courage. I was proud of them.

As the season progressed I began looking forward to games. I could figure out about half the penalty calls, and I even learned some appropriate words to yell. I would run up and down the sidelines screaming, as I never had before, "Lunge!" "Block her off!" "Rush!" "Pressure, pressure, get aggressive, Greeeeen!" It was exhilarating. I got so carried away a couple of times that the referees asked the girls' athletic director to tell me to stop being disruptive or they would have to charge the team with a penalty for my behavior.

I was shocked the first time I was reprimanded. Here I was getting chastised for cheering, for being enthusiastic, for supporting my team. I who had been the No. 1 embarrassment to my high school cheerleaders. Here I was cheering, "Va va va veat, we're neat, we'll knock 'em off their feet. Va va va voon, real soon, we'll send 'em to the moon—Va va va vot, we're hot, we'll show 'em what we got—Va va va vad, we're bad, and we're really really *mad*! Yay Berkshire!"

I wasn't really worried, though. I knew I would still be an embarrassment to my high school's cheerleaders. After all, I was waving a field hockey stick instead of a pompon. My socks still didn't match. And I wasn't two feet off the ground arching back and beaming at a bunch of guys. I was down on my knees rooting for some girls who were working hard playing a difficult and strenuous sport. My friends in the band would have cheered, too. **END**

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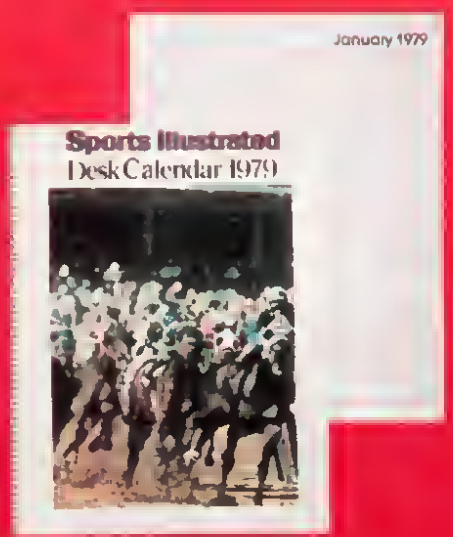
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week
Nov. 6-12

PRO BASKETBALL—The week belonged to Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Atlanta. All were undefeated and made significant strides in their divisions. After taking first place in the second place New Jersey (7–3) and third place Washington (123–122) and beating Detroit 118–112 for their ninth straight, the 76ers led the Atlantic by five games in the loss column. The Lakers moved into second in the Pacific with four victories. Adrian Dantley's 30-point average led a team that also featured the consistent play of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (23.5 points per game) and the steals of Norm Nixon, who's averaging a league high 3.2. Paced by John Drew, the Hawks jumped from fifth to second in the Midwest and is within half a game of Houston. Before scoring 17 in a 102–95 defeat of Milwaukee, Drew had 36 and 12 respectively in wins over San Diego (128–101) and Boston (115–103), which has lost five in a row and 11 of 13. Cleveland and Chicago also continued to lose, the Cavaliers dropped three and New Jersey, led by Bernard King's season-high 38 points, handed the Bulls their third straight defeat (128–112) and their 13th in 15 games for the season.

BOXING—LARRY HOLMES dismissed his WBC heavyweight title crown in Las Vegas with a seventh round knockout of Alfredo Evangelista. In a preliminary bout, WBC Junior Lightweight Champion ALEXIS ARGUELLO defended against Arturo Leon.

HILARIO CORRO of Argentina defected Rodrigo Valdez to retain his WBA middleweight title in Buenos Aires.

RICARDO CARDOSA of Venezuela retained his WBA junior featherweight title with a split decision over Chung Soon Hyun in Seoul, Korea.

PRO FOOTBALL—With 1:21 left in the second quarter, Houston was down 21–0 and New England had scored on its first five possessions. But an 80-yard touchdown drive by the Oilers matched a turnover-to-touchdown that lifted them to a 26–21 upset. Dan Pastorini capped the rally by hitting Rich Caster with a 10-yard scoring pass with 2:39 remaining in the game. The loss dropped the Patriots into a tie for last place in the AFC East with the Dolphins, who won their 18th straight against the Bills—a league record—28–24. Miami's Delvin Williams, the NFL's top rusher, gained 114 yards and went over the 1,000-mark as did Chicago's Walter Payton, who ran for 127 yards in a 17–14 loss to Minnesota. Fran Tarkenton completed 24 of 37 passes for 245 yards. Chuck Foreman scored twice to tie Bill Brown's franchise touchdown record of 71, and Fred McNeill blocked a fourth-period field goal to preserve the Viking victory, which moves Minnesota into a first place tie with Green Bay. Led by Billy Joe DuPree, who's caught two touchdown passes, Tony Dorsett, who's run for 149 yards and two TDs, and Robert Newhouse, who gained 101 yards and also scored twice, Dallas set a club rushing record of 311 yards and snapped a two-game losing streak with a 42–14 rout of the Packers. The Cowboys remain one game behind Washington, which defeated the Giants 16–11 in overtime. Joe Theismann, who had replaced Billy Kilmer in the third quarter of the Redskins' 21–17 Monday night loss to Baltimore, was 22 for 35 for 270 yards and rallied the team to the game-tying touchdown and Mark Moseley's winning 45-yard field goal. In another overtime game, Dan Fouts hit John Jefferson with a 14-yard scoring pass in time to give San Diego a 29–23 win over Kansas City. Tim Mazzetti's third field goal, a 47-yarder with two seconds remaining in regulation play, sent the contest into overtime. With 10 seconds left, Atlanta Wide Receiver Wallace Francis batted Steve Bartkowski's desperation pass into the air where it was grabbed by Alfred Jackson, who ran 10 yards to complete a 67-yard touchdown play and lift Atlanta to a 20–17 victory over New Orleans. The Saints had led 17–6 until Eckel Sanders kicked an 18-yard field goal with 57 seconds left. St. Louis' winless run in its first eight games but San Francisco's 16–10 loss in its third straight setback. Jim Hart passed for two touchdowns and 221 yards. Baltimore's Bert Jones threw for one score and completed 12 of 17 passes before remaining his shoulder. Nevertheless, the Colts went on to beat Seattle 17–14 (page 76). Led by a stingy defense, which forced four turnovers and held the NFL's second highest-scoring team to a touchdown and a field goal, Philadelphia defeated the Jets 17–9. Harold Carmichael, who's caught two TD passes, now has at least one pass reception in 91 consecutive games. Greg Landefson threw two touchdown passes to Dave Hill and Horace King scored on a 75-yard run to give Detroit a 34–23 win over Tampa Bay. And Denver de-

[illegible] Cleveland 14—as Jim Turner's four field goals and an extra point gave him 1,911 career points and moved him past Lou Groza into third place among the NFL's career scoring leaders. Los Angeles beat Pittsburgh 10–7 (page 28).

HOCKEY—NHL. The league's best hockey is being played in the Patrick Division, whose four teams have a total of 81 points. The Norris Division is next with 62 and Montreal has 22 of that total. Each Patrick Division team had a winning week. Atlanta, which has the NHL's best record, beat Vancouver 4–2 and Smythe Division leader Chicago 5–1 before dropping its second game of the season 4–2 to the division-rival Islanders in New York. The Islanders, who also beat Minnesota 5–2, are undefeated at home and the only third-place team in the league with a winning record. The second place Rangers, who also have lost only twice, won two games, 5–2 over Vancouver and 2–1 over Pittsburgh. In between they dropped a 5–3 decision to the North Stars ending a seven game winning streak (page 30). Last place Philadelphia missed over .500 by upending Los Angeles 6–3 and by beating and tying Colorado 6–4 and 2–2. Division leaders Montreal and Boston, which began the week by playing a 1–1 tie, defeated Washington 6–0 and 6–2 respectively. In their five seasons in the NHL, the Caps have never beaten either team. The Canadiens and Bruins also played Detroit. Montreal's switch-hitting Rod Wings 8–1 but Boston lost 7–1.

WHA. A single point separates the top three teams, each of whom was in first place at one time during the week. New England, which began and ended the week in first, also began and ended it with games against Cincinnati, which finished the week tied for second with Quebec. Chuck Luksa scored two goals to lead the Stingers to a 5–4 win, and the Whalers rebounded with a 7–1 victory in which they had 21 power play chances. Neither team lost another game. Quebec shut out Edmonton 3–0 for its fifth straight win and then dropped two in a row before defeating Indianapolis 8–2 behind Mike Toudi's hat trick and Real Cloutier's two goals.

HORSE RACING—In his final race, SEATTLE SLEW, Jared Goulet Jr. up, defeated Jumping Hill by 3½ lengths to win the $103,850 Stuyvesant Handicap at Aqueduct. The 1977 Triple Crown winner covered the 1⅛ miles in 1:47⅘. He won 14 of 17 races.

MILEPOSTS—DISBANDED: The LOS ANGELES STRINGS, SAN DIEGO FRIARS, INDIANAPOLIS LOVES, SEATTLE CASCADES, ANAHEIM ORANGES and NEW ORLEANS SETS of World Team Tennis, which leaves the league with two franchises—Phoenix and Golden Gate.

HIRED: WILLIS REED, 36, coach of the fourth place New York Knicks. Last year in Reed's first season as coach, the Knicks were 43–39. Former coach 1967–RED HOLZMAN, 58, will replace Reed.

NAMED: American League Most Valuable Player JIM RICE, 25, of Boston. The outfielder hit .315 and led the majors in home runs (46) and RBIs (139).

RETIRED: BOBBY ORR, 30, of the Boston Bruins (1966–76) and Chicago Black Hawks (1976–78). Named Rookie of the Year, Best Defenseman (eight times) and Most Valuable Player (three times), he was a first-team NHL All-Star on eight occasions and the first defenseman to lead the league in scoring.

TRADED: By the New York Yankees, Relief Pitcher SPARKY LYLE, Catcher MIKE HEATH, Infielder DOMINGO RAMOS and pitchers LARRY McCALL and DAVE RAJSICH to the Texas Rangers for outfielders JUAN BENIQUEZ and GREG JEMISON, pitchers PAUL MIRABELLA, MIKE GRIFFIN and DAVE RIGHETTI and a reported $400,000.

DIED: Former world-heavyweight boxing champion GENE TUNNEY, 81, of a circulatory ailment in Greenwich, Conn. Tunney won 56 fights, 41 by knockout, and had one draw and one defeat at the hands of Harry Greb in 1922. He outpointed Jack Dempsey for the heavyweight title on Sept. 23, 1926, and again on Sept. 22, 1927, in the famous "long count" fight. Tunney defended his title once more—knocking out Tom Heeney—on July 26, 1928—before retiring.

CREDITS

22, 23—[illegible] 24—[illegible] 26—[illegible] 28, 27—[illegible] 48-48—[illegible] 81—[illegible] 85—Jerry Cabral 88, 86—[illegible] 69—[illegible] 78—[illegible] 79—[illegible] 85, 86—[illegible] 88, 89—[illegible] 90—[illegible] 81—[illegible] 82, 94—[illegible] 109—[illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



HARRY HOFFMAN
Palos Park, Ill.

Hoffman, 66, an owner of racket-stringing shops, defeated Bill Lurie of San Pedro, Calif. 6–1, 6–2 to win the national 65-and-over clay-court tennis championship in Knoxville. This year he also won the hard-court indoor and grass titles.



TRACY BLAIR
Waynesboro, Va.

In his final game, the Waynesboro High senior gained 318 yards to finish the season with 2,037. The 5'10", 185-pounder gained at least 192 yards in eight of 10 games and completed his three-year career with 4,684 yards on 810 carries.



DAN FORBES
Pittsburgh

Dan, 17, won the heavyweight division of the Pennsylvania State Power Lifting Championships in York. The 6'2", 242-pound Shady Side Academy senior lifted a total of *1,465 pounds*, bench press 385 pounds, squat 550, dead lift 530.



SHERRIE MADOERN
Newark, Ohio

Serving a school-record total of 91 points, Sherrie, a 14-year-old ninth-grader, helped the Windsor Wilson Junior High girls' volleyball team to a 10–1 record and its fifth straight city championship. The Tigers were 34–1 during her career.



DAVE RODRIGUEZ
Bronx, N.Y.

Rodriguez, 30, the owner and operator of a hang gliding school, beat Rich Grigsby of Chatsworth, Calif. in the final event—the 15-minute flight-duration test—to win the Masters of Hang Gliding Championship at Grandfather Mountain, N.C.



BRIAN BATES
Wantagh, N.Y.

Eight-year-old Brian bettered his own national age-group record in the 10,000-Meter National AAU Road Racing Championship in Purchase, N.Y. The third-grader's 48:21 was two minutes faster than the mark he set in September.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SCANDAL

Sir

Exotic betting on horse races (exactas, perfectas, etc.) has finally taken its toll (*Racing's Big Scandal*, Nov. 6). Eliminate all but win, place and show betting and the venerable daily double and you eliminate the breeding grounds for a Tony Ciulla.

Drugging is tougher to deal with, but reliable prerace testing would be a great start.

Add *permanent* banishment from racing in the U.S. for those jockeys who are convicted of pulling horses.

I am a former owner, and my heart is still in the game. If racing doesn't clean up its own act, a solution will be forced upon us. And everyone knows how reasonable, workable and inexpensive government control and regulations turn out to be.

CLAUDIA HOFFMAN
Eureka, S. Dak.

Sir

I put myself through college and law school by working around racetracks in four different states. I have been privileged to work for and with numerous principled and dedicated individuals in all facets of the game. It is for them I feel sympathy over SI's excavations through the detritus of one Tony Ciulla.

While direct responsibility for the scandal lies with the participants, I think that some measure of blame falls on track officials who have, in the last few years, loaded their racing cards with ever-increasing numbers of multiple wagering gimmicks, almost completely destroying the nature of the game. Now people bet numbers instead of picking individual horses.

If the racing industry is serious about restoring respect and integrity to a great sport, it should voluntarily eliminate the prime source of temptation, gimmick betting. The benefits of increased public confidence in racing will far outweigh any losses in the parimutuel handle.

BOB HELERINGER
Louisville

Sir

Why did you waste time putting a story like that in your magazine? Does the public care about races that were fixed years ago? I do not and I have been betting for a few years. The last thing on my mind is fixed races. If those guys want to ruin a career for a lousy bribe, let them go ahead. As long as I win when I wager, that's all that matters to me. In the future, SI, pass up articles like this one, O.K.?

JEFF DORN
Ridgefield, N.J.

Sir:

I can only ask what took the state and federal authorities so long to begin an investigation into thoroughbred race fixing.

FRANK KELLY
Newton, Mass.

Sir:

It is time that an article of this nature was published, and I applaud the writer's and the editors' courage in going ahead with it. I hope that SI will pursue this cause with no less vigor than it has pursued environmental causes over the past decade.

I doubt if we will get any definitive answers on this side of the veil, but I consider Bill Surface to be presenting, at last and at least, the right questions. I thank you all.

BARRY N. MALZBERG
Teaneck, N.J.

THORNS

Sir:

As a longtime New York Yankee fan, I found E. M. Swift's article *Rose Might Not Be Red Anymore* (Nov. 6) very interesting. Certainly, Pete Rose is a great player and has done a lot for baseball, but at 37 how many more great seasons does he have?

As for Rose's lack of enthusiasm at the thought of playing with the Yankees, is it any wonder? Could Rose take a job away from Roy White or Lou Piniella in left, or from Chris Chambliss at first? I doubt very much that he could replace Reggie Jackson as a designated hitter. As for third base, maybe George Steinbrenner would sign Rose to carry Graig Nettles' glove out to him at the start of each inning! No, the Yankees don't need Rose, and I wonder how many other clubs *really* need him?

JAY FEASTER
Williamstown, Pa.

Sir

Granted, Pete Rose is one of the finest baseball players of our time, but his avarice fills us with utter disgust. His attitude exemplifies the selfish and unsportsmanlike conduct that seems so predominant in sports today. Given Rose's proclivity for money in large sums, we feel only George Steinbrenner can save him. Steinbrenner has the financial means to obtain Rose, and Rose would add an invaluable link to that team of prima donnas known as the Yankees.

PETER R. KENDRICK
PATRICK J. STANAHAN
Gambier, Ohio

Sir:

I sincerely hope Rose will not "be Red anymore," especially if he is thinking of wearing a Phillies uniform next year. It was bad enough to see him pictured in your article with a Phillies cap on his big head.

JERRY CRAVEN
New York City

Sir

Just once I wish some superstar professional athlete, with tons of publicity and national exposure, would respond to an owner's overly generous contract offer by saying, "No thanks. The salary I received last year was more than enough for me to provide my family with comfort and the few luxuries they asked for. A cost of living increase would be plenty." Alas, what a crazy dream!

I urge Cincinnati not to give in to Pete Rose. In fact, it would be great if no team offered Rose the extraordinary amounts of money that he expects. Then maybe he and other "superstars" will get the message that the sky is *not* the limit.

BILL WHELAN
Charlottesville, Va.

FOR HOLMES

Sir

We, the staff of St. Anthony's Youth Center in Easton, Pa., the Home of Larry Holmes, wish to congratulate Pat Putnam on a fine article on our champion (*Don't Hate 'Em, Just Hit 'Em*, Nov. 6). In our opinion, the story revealed the truth. It is common for even a passing acquaintance to say that Larry is a beautiful person, and we can verify that sentiment from our day-to-day experiences with him. Never let it be said that Holmes is a spoiled athlete, for nothing could be further from the truth. The setbacks, the long days of training at St. Anthony's during an uphill battle and a lack of formidable opponents couldn't stop Larry from pursuing his goal. We all knew he would one day be the heavyweight champion. With that in mind, you can imagine the bedlam in Easton on the night of June 9 when he beat Ken Norton.

Fans unfamiliar with Larry might be interested to know that he proves his loyalty to his hometown by maintaining his "between-fights" training facility at St. Anthony's—the place where it all began.

JOHN MARZANO
ANTHONY NOBLE
Easton, Pa.

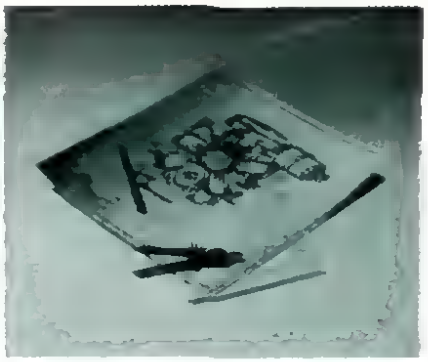
MOVING UP

Sir

I think it's about time Dan Jenkins woke up (*Starr Has a New Bunch of Stars*, Nov. 6). Upon reading a line like the one about Chester Marcol's field goal enabling Bart Starr's "new and improved team to escape the humility of a loss to Tampa Bay," one has to wonder where Jenkins has been

continued

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Models	Size	Trans.	mpg Hwy/City
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C. Supremes (3)	4.3L	A*	32/24
C. Cruisers (2)	5.7L	A*†	29/22
Delta 88s (4)	5.7L	A	29/21
Ninety-Eights (4)	5.7L	A	29/21
Toronado (1)	5.7L	A	29/21
Custom Cru. (1)	5.7L	A	28/20

*Extra-cost equipment †exc C. Cru Brougham

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the last nine weeks. The Buccaneers have a respectable 4–5 record at this writing, with victories over playoff contenders Minnesota and Atlanta. The Bucs are no longer the expansion patsies of two years ago, and of their five losses, none has been lopsided. The Bucs' stingy defense, led by Lee Roy Selmon, held Walter Payton to 34 yards on 15 carries a couple of weeks ago.

JOHN HOTTINGER
Staten Island, N.Y.

JUDGMENT CALLS

Sir:

My thanks to John Herrera, administrative assistant of the Oakland Raiders, for his interpretation of what *he* sees in game films (19TH HOLE, Nov. 6). However, making judgment calls during actual play is slightly more difficult than making them in a screening room. Perhaps he could edit and splice the Raiders' films into a feature-length movie and call it *Our Undefeated Season*.

Wouldn't his energies be better directed toward advocation of instant replay as an aid to officials, rather than toward after-the-fact sour grapes? Fans watching the games are not fools. They see the instant replays and can use their *own* judgment on the accuracy of officiating and on the sportsmanship and integrity of the athletes.

DINK WITTMAN
Harrisburg, Pa.

NORTHWESTERN VS. MICHIGAN

Sir:

As an alumnus of Michigan ('75), I feel compelled to comment on several statements made by Jerry Kirshenbaum in his article on Northwestern (*Waa-Mu! Wha Who?* Oct. 30). Northwestern is a fine educational institution, yet the article implies that such academic quality is a rarity in Big Ten schools and among other universities with successful athletic programs. Recent unbiased surveys have rated Michigan's academic programs, particularly its graduate and professional schools, high in the top 10 among American universities.

More appalling, however, is the pretentiousness of Northwestern President Robert Strotz, who criticizes Michigan's athletic department for attempting to make a profit, and succeeding. Strotz and his athletic department, however, do not wish to depart from the Big Ten for fear of loss of revenue from athletic events, nor do they object to subsidizing the athletic department's annual $1 million deficit by tapping the university's other funds. Sheer folly!

While Strotz contends that college athletics should be an activity for students, Michigan's football players earn enough revenue for the university to support the finest intramural athletic program at any university, which benefits every member of the Michigan academic community. More important, it allows academic funds to be used for academic purposes.

So, who is Strotz attempting to fool? With proper and intelligent management, it *is* possible to run a successful athletic program while maintaining academic excellence.

RONALD BROCINER
Williamsville, N.Y.

Sir:

Strotz' criticism of the University of Michigan football program brings out the true problem of Northwestern football—ineptitude. Strotz implies that his university is the only one in the Big Ten with scholastic quality. I would put Michigan's fine medical programs against Northwestern's fine theatrical programs any day. And Michigan's student athletes are among the best in the nation. As for Michigan's list of grads, how about a President of the United States (Gerald R. Ford), an astronaut (James A. McDivitt), and one of the commentators on *60 Minutes* (Mike Wallace), to mention a few?

TERRY ORBAN
Jackson, Mich.

• Kirshenbaum chooses to straddle the fence on this argument. He was born and raised in Benton Harbor, Mich., earned a bachelor of science degree in journalism at Northwestern and a master's degree in political science at Michigan.—ED.

DEFENDING RACQUETBALL

Sir:

We hold the opposite view from Jim Kaplan's about scoring in racquetball (VIEWPOINT, Nov. 6). As in handball, the most excitement in racquetball is generated by the struggle for the last few points, the excitement being heightened with each exchange of serve (with or without a change in score). Fifty years as a spectator and player of racquet games have given me a wholesome respect for our scoring rules.

Rallies can be brief when the competition is uneven. But when both competitors are skilled, I have seen breathtaking rallies. Kaplan himself has seen them.

Our on-court behavior does warrant some criticism. However, we have made remarkable strides, and we intend to make more. But I don't wholly agree that players should be penalized for expressing their emotions. Within certain limits, this is a vital part of any game, and by capturing these emotions television will make racquetball a standard living room feature in the near future.

The "lords of racquetball" have done many things besides train referees. More than 1,000 new racquetball facilities and eight million players in the last 10 years are pretty good evidence of our leadership.

As for Charlie Brumfield, he speaks only for Charlie Brumfield. We speak for the players. The majority like the sport just the way it is.

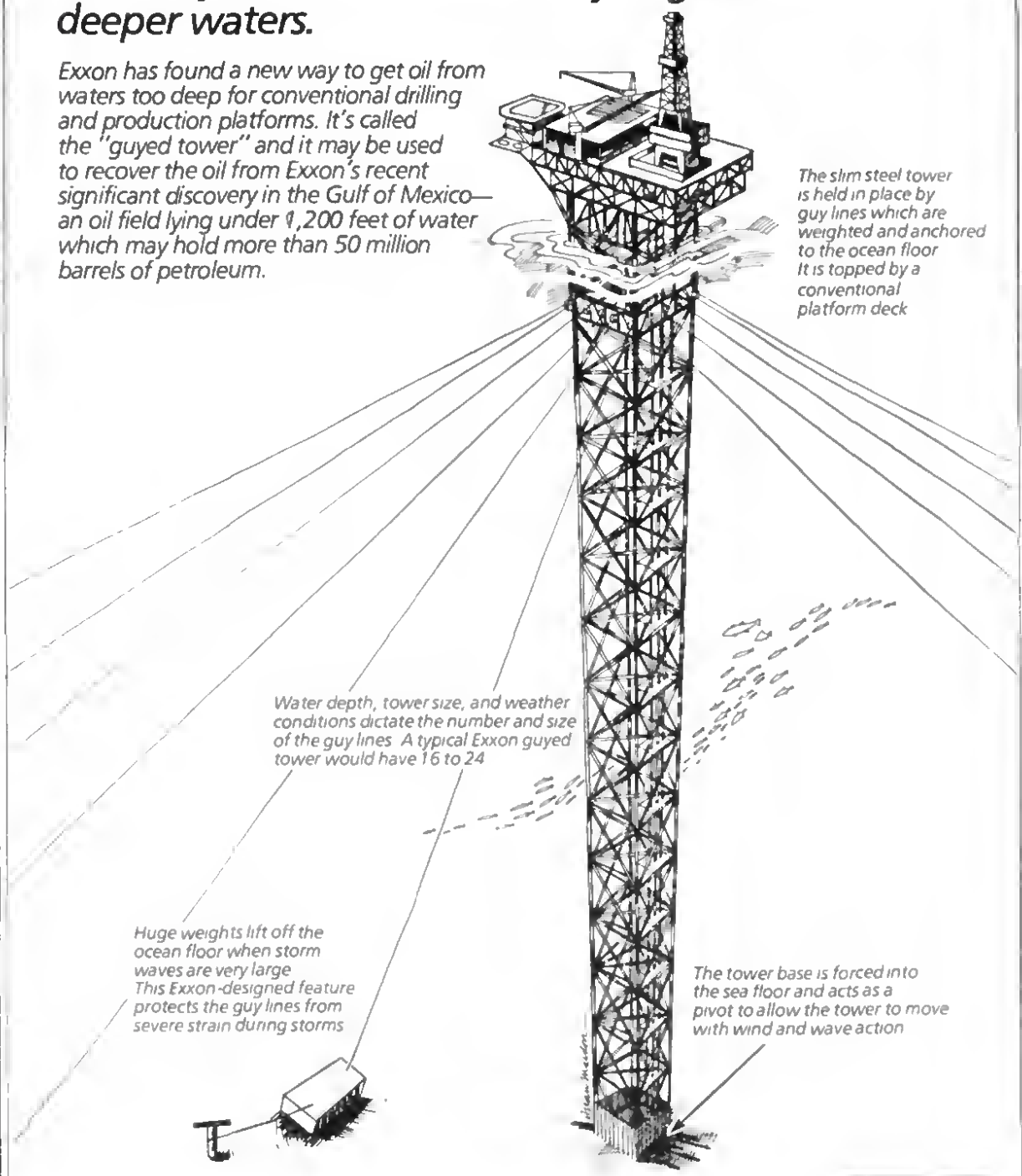
As for ticket prices, we continue to play to full galleries at virtually every tour stop, including the national championships. If rac-

continued

EXXON ILLUSTRATED

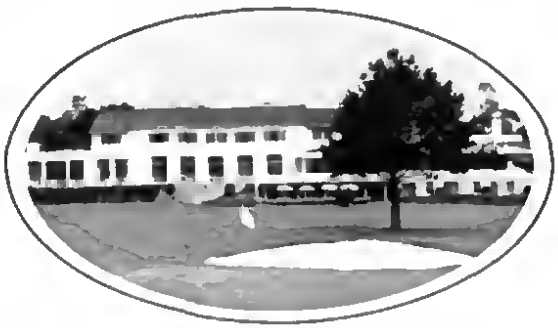
The "Guyed Tower"—a new way to get oil from deeper waters.

Exxon has found a new way to get oil from waters too deep for conventional drilling and production platforms. It's called the "guyed tower" and it may be used to recover the oil from Exxon's recent significant discovery in the Gulf of Mexico—an oil field lying under 1,200 feet of water which may hold more than 50 million barrels of petroleum.



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quetball in its present form isn't fit for spectator viewing, how is that possible?

BOB KENDLER
President
U S Racquetball Association
Skokie, Ill

Sir

If anything, Jim Kaplan is too restrained in his criticism of many racquetball stars The officials who permit unpleasant behavior are letting the game down

He exaggerates a bit in complaining about the brevity of rallies In some cases, there are more strokes in a racquetball rally than in a tennis rally However, we should try to find ways to keep the ball in play longer

But Kaplan wants to tinker with the scoring, and there he has his feet in the tar pit The reason tension is high on each game point is that the score-only-on-serve principle makes possible classic comebacks such as Marty Hogan's win in the last game of this year's finals Without this principle, only the very close games retain any interest at the end. With it, the game really isn't over until the last point has been won

KEVIN JONES
New London, Conn

Sir

Jim Kaplan seems to want to make racquetball a spectator sport. It changes the game immensely to score after every shot I object to the idea of television deciding how a game should be played Why not invent *TV ball*?

CHARLIE WERTHEIM
Convent Station, N.J

BOLD BIDDER'S PROGENY

Sir

In his article *He's Got the Horse Right Here* (Nov 6), Douglas S Looney betrays a woeful ignorance of recent racing and breeding history In reference to the sire of Spectacular Bid, clearly this year's champion 2-year-old colt, Looney states that Bold Bidder's "main claim to fame is that he's a son of Bold Ruler " Had Looney done a little more research, he would have discovered the following about Bold Bidder

He won close to $500,000 in 1965-67, when purses were about half of what they are now.

He was voted the champion handicap horse in 1966

He has sired 125 winners, among them 23 stakes winners, and the total earnings of his progeny were well in excess of $5 million through 1977 (before Spectacular Bid ran)

Of his stakes winners, one, Cannonade, won the Kentucky Derby in 1974 and two others were champions on two continents

In 1974 he was the leading sire in the *world*, with progeny earnings in excess of $1 5 million

There are dozens of stallions on stud farms in this and other countries about which it could be said that their main claim to fame is their descent from Bold Ruler, but Bold Bidder isn't one of them

continued

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At Sony, we look at cassette decks as both mechanical and electrical device. So both our electronics and our transport system are designed to the most challenging specifications a manufacturer can set for itself.

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And there's more, as Human Engineering is the way we operate.

If this is your year to buy a deck, you can do a lot of tiresome shopping. And end up with Sony.

Or you can go directly to Sony.

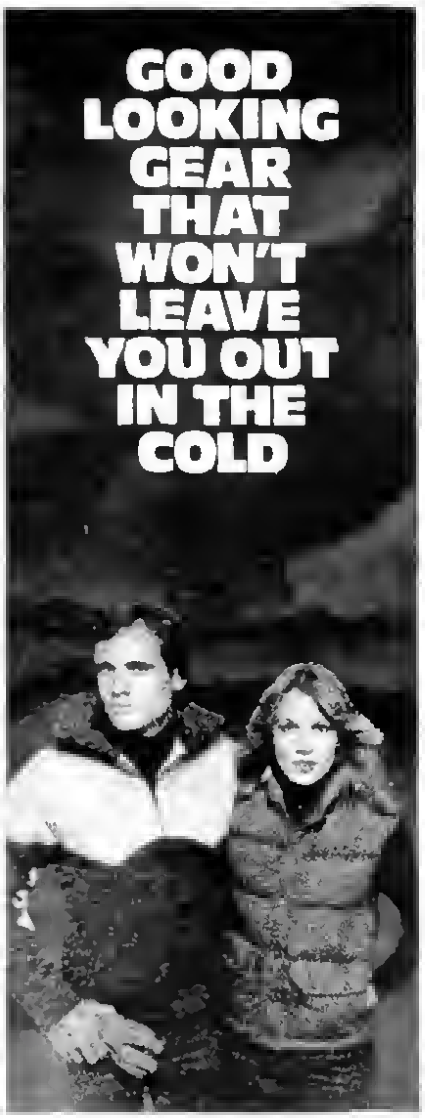
And start at the place you'd end up anyway.

SONY AUDIO

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19TH HOLE *continued*

It seems to me that the Meyerhoffs, owners of Spectacular Bid, made a very astute purchase last year and fully deserve their spectacular luck. And Trainer Bud Delp is a competent horseman whose time has come. If Delp has been a little lippy lately, he's no worse than Laz Barrera and LeRoy Jolley were in their limelight days. The odds against a third Triple Crown winner in three years are tremendous, but the Meyerhoffs and Delp have the best shot.

GEORGE G. VINCENT
Lakeville, Conn.

AT THE RINKS

Sir:

So the roller skating industry has decided that if speed skaters wear protective helmets, the public will associate them with the old Roller Derby (*Fancy Figures Down at the Rink*, Oct. 30). How intelligent! Now, when I hear about roller skating I'll think of two young girls colliding, one of them suffering a possible concussion, of a grown man leaving the floor on a stretcher and of bruises and broken bones. Roller skating officials should wise up. Roller Derby participants didn't wear all that protective gear for show! That was to protect their heads, arms, legs, etc. Because there is none of the pushing and shoving of the Derby in roller skating competitions, maybe all that gear isn't needed, but I can't believe the roller skating hierarchy has 10- and 11-year-olds out there without helmets! They are risking the youngsters' health for the sake of the industry's image. I think someone has his priorities wrong.

NANCI MOORHEAD
Lawrence, Kans.

Sir:

The article by Julia Lamb was a good one, but her putdown of Roller Derby was unnecessary and very snobbish. If the roller skating industry has been battling Roller Derby for years, it's news to me. The Derby brought fans to roller skating; it didn't take them away. It was a neat little sport that attracted huge crowds in the '60s and early '70s. All kinds of people liked it, not just "teen-age punks in ducktails and leather jackets."

JOSEPH K. PETERS
Richmond

RUNNERS

Sir:

The "adventurers" standing on the traffic-light post watching the New York City Marathon (*All Around the Town*, Oct. 30) were Raymond Bernardini and Kevin Lyons, senior members of the W. C. Mepham High School track team of Bellmore, N.Y.—the same team that produced one of America's best half-milers, Mark Belger (Mepham '74).

STEVEN D. FEINSTEIN
Raleigh, N.C.

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